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VOGUE

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BEAUTY GOSSIP
FROM PARIS, ROME,
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ACCESSORIES:
50 BRIGHT NOTES
IN FASHION





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A multiple drift of nylon tricot in a Mardi Gras carnival print. Small, medium, large. Also available in junior sizes. About $11. And you can also indulge yourself with the same happy print in panties, slips, and just about every kind of Kayser nightwear you can name!

Kayser-Roth Lingerie, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Also available in Canada.



Leslie Morris and the out-in-the-open dress. What's on view?
A skitter of pleats that continue on after a stop-short coat.
Not-on-view part of the dress: a matter of lengthy scarf
and low waist. This new view of Spring is done in
black Dupioni silk and black/orange
silk print, and is possess-able only at Bergdorf's,
where all is accomplished-to-order
in our Custom Salon on Floor Two.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
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5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET



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A beauty that never goes out of fashion, a beauty that seems to grow with time.

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Necklace, about $5000; ring, about $350; brooch, about $790; earrings, about $1320. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

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MARCH 15, 1967

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

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PENN

COVER: Put a little colour in your life—stack coral on your wrist; coral at your ears. Wear, as here, with a long white burnoose. And, on your face, a corally glow . . . above and below the eyes Revlon's Ultima II Misty Pink Blushing Cream . . . a gleam of Conchacoral over Ultrafrost toner on the mouth . . . squared nails touched in Limoges Pink. All this beauty wrought by Stan Lawrence of Revlon. White silk crêpe burnoose by Dominic for Matty Talmack. Jewellery: David Webb.

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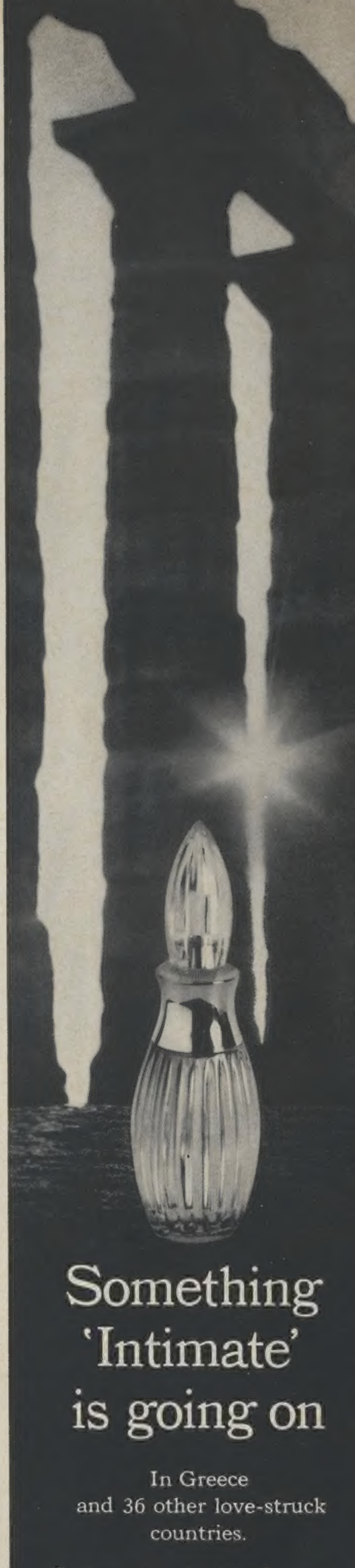
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

March 15

The great eye goes public

Are you usually CALM at times of stress or moments of excitement? Are you often MOODY without apparent reason? Are you SHY . . . PASSIVE . . . AGGRESSIVE? Has your WEIGHT fluctuated recently? In what SPORTS do you participate? . . . Would you BELIEVE these questions, the heart of which, capitalized as above, all have to do with your skin's future? They do. They are Erno Laszlo Institute questions, and only a sample of the information required if a woman means to have "a Laszlo skin." . . . As we hardly need tell you, for many a woman in search of the very best skin with which she might outfit herself, the Erno Laszlo Institute in New York—the dark-wooded, stealth-carpeted, totally serious headquarters of the celebrated Dr. Erno Laszlo—has long stood for the Ultimate. The ultimate in everything except availability. To have been granted an audience with the meticulous man whose mystique (and one *must* add, results) has powered the Laszlo legend, has meant that a woman has cleared the most difficult obstacle course in the beauty field. New clients frankly have not been encouraged by the Institute's receptionist; and some former clients say they've been "allowed to feel dispensable." (In which case, their friends suspect homework assignments were deficient in the carrying-out; Teacher is Displeased.) . . . Whatever, an educated guess is that over the past two decades, Dr. Laszlo has been able to take on, in person, skin consultations for no more than an estimated 1,700 women. A fact embittering or infuriating to an *in*estimable number of women whose dearest wish is to wear the fresh, fine skin that seems to be, identifiably, a Laszlo product. . . . What is the secret of his numerous successes and the grip he holds on some of the world's most-admired skins? Is it the magic of his "mud soap?" The provocativeness of his preparations' names (Active pHelityl cream, for openers)? Or is it the hypnotic power of the man himself, as has been occasionally suggested? . . . Actually we *know* what it is: it's simple. It's a matter of an experienced skin-diagnostician understanding *precisely* the nature and life of the individual skin at hand, and giving that skin *precisely* what it needs. And that, of course, is not so simple. . . . Over the years, the Laszlo investigatory technique has been in the process of narrowing itself down to a fine science; has developed its own code, its own check-points. And now Dr. Laszlo feels it's foolproof enough to go public. Which is what it's doing, this very week. At Saks Fifth Avenue in New York, the pilot program has begun. How it works is as follows. You go to a Laszlo counter of that one store, and after a questionnaire has been answered (in an interview which can be done blindfolded by the girl behind the counter, because it's *your* answers to questions that type your skin), you're given the Laszlo preparations and the sequence-for-use that your skin says it needs. (Be ready to spend a minimum of $65 for the initial batch of preparations, by the way—the Laszlo Institute feels it can work for you only on an all-or-nothing basis.) But matters don't end with the wrapping of your package. You're instructed to fill out, that evening, a second questionnaire—a more detailed, more subjective inquiry. And this is mailed to the Institute for monitoring and checking against the earlier questionnaire and the preparations assigned to you. Trained Laszlo eyes make this search of your paper portrait, and if further instructions seem indicated, you'll be the first to hear. You become a permanent member of the Institute's clientele; a new face in Dr. Laszlo's caseload. . . . Soon other Saks Fifth Avenues will become Laszlo service stations. By July: cross-country is the hope. . . .



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For the sparkle of sunlight on your face:
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Elizabeth Arden

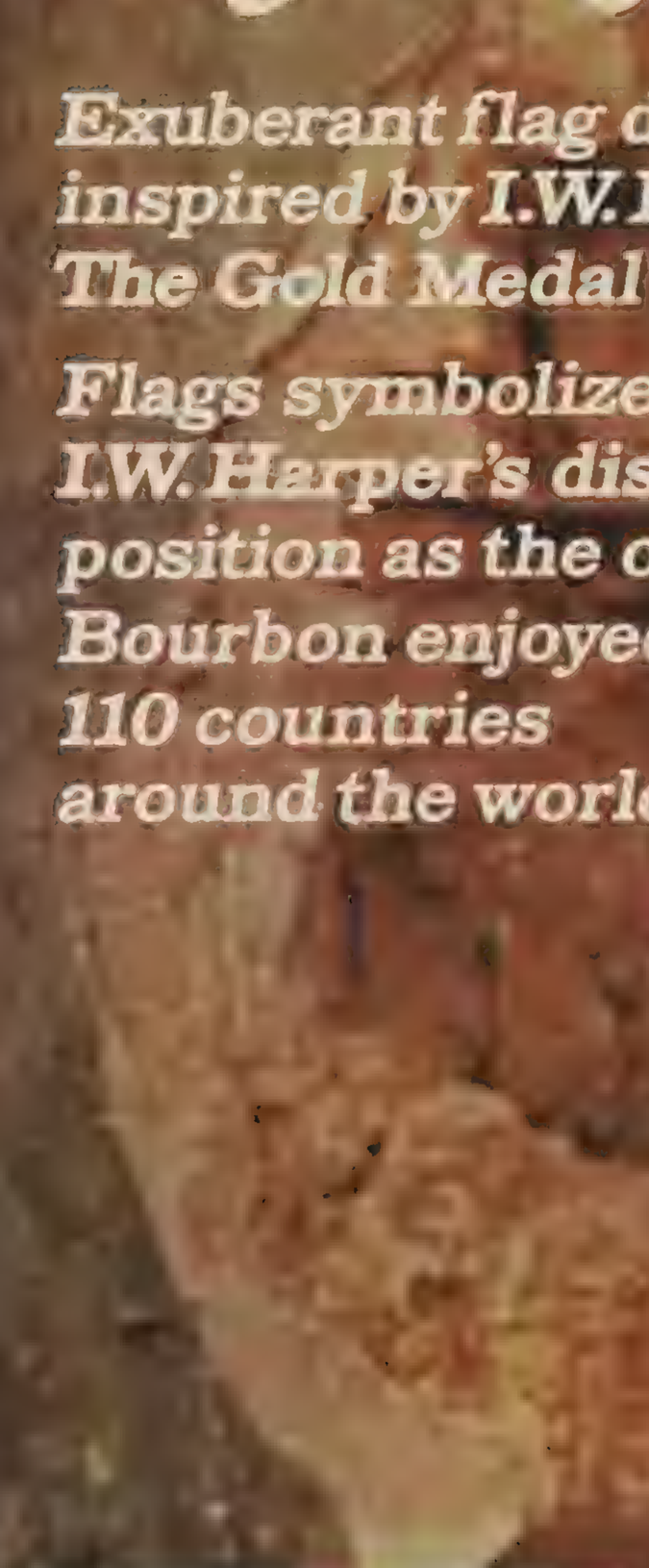
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Rally 'round the flags... boys 'n girls!

Exuberant flag designs inspired by I.W. Harper, The Gold Medal Bourbon!

Flags symbolize I.W. Harper's distinguished position as the only Bourbon enjoyed in 110 countries around the world!





The perfect choice for your party . . . a long floating culotte pajama by Coty Award winner Leo Narducci for Guy D in Harper's International Envoy printed silk. Sizes: 6-16. About $70

WOMEN'S FASHIONS FEATURED AT: JOSEPH MAGNIN, CALIF. & NEV. ☐ ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON, BUFFALO ☐ LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY · 86 PROOF · © I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY

Create a small sensation in this short A-line cocktail dress with a V-shaped halter front and dramatic low cut back in Harper's Gold Medal print by Mannequin. Sizes: 6-16. About $55

Harper's Envoy pattern and International Club Formal Wear get together in this dinner jacket that has a one-button front ... navy satin shawl collar and navy piped pockets. About $75.

FURCHGOTT'S, JACKSONVILLE ☐ THE BOSTON STORE, MILWAUKEE ☐ THE HIGBEE CO., CLEVE. ☐ MAISON BLANCHE, NEW ORLEANS ☐ GUY D ALSO AT: H. P. WASSON, IND. ☐ FAMOUS-BARR, ST. LOUIS ☐ MANNEQUIN ALSO AT: CARSON, PIRIE, SCOTT, CHI. ☐ H. & S. POGUE, CINN. ☐ JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILA.

He can't see it
(but he knows it's there)
Invisible Body Beauty
by *Savon Clair*



Give yourself completely to the promise fulfilled of a new concept in perfumery . . . Body Perfume . . . a non-alcoholic concentrate of skin softening, scenting rare perfume oils. ½ oz. 8.50.

One of twelve exquisitely fragrant inter-related complexion and body care preparations from the Complete Bath (and Shower) Treatment Collection by Savon Clair.



THE FIRST COMPLETE BATH TREATMENT COLLECTION

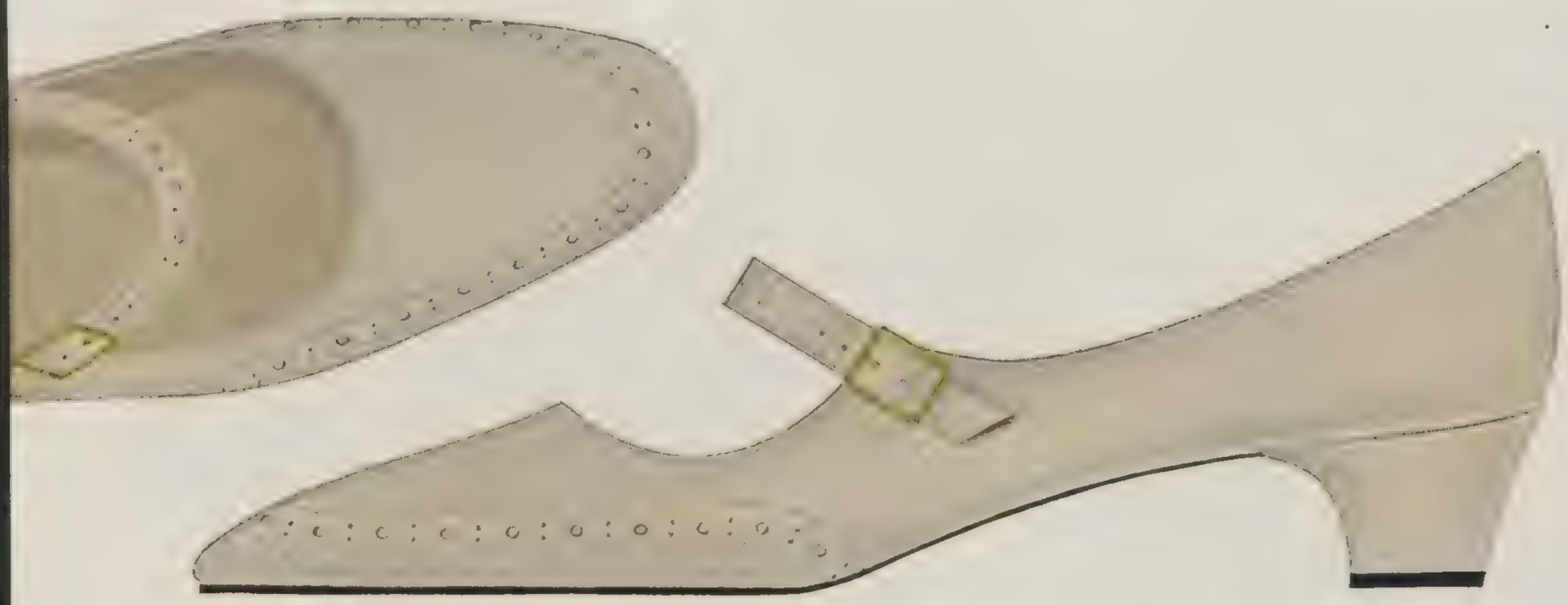
Facial Care Soap, Body Perfume, Foamy Milk Bath, Spray Perfume Oil, Friction Cologne, Powder Pouf, Body Toner and Moisturizer, Cleanse & Care Lotion, Care-For Spray Deodorant, Bath and Shower Gelee, Bath Oil with Conditioners, Solid Bath Oil Soap.



CHUCK HOWARD FOR TOWNLEY

"My kind of shoe"

The uncluttered look of the French tunic suits appeals to me, but I base my wardrobe on the simple chemise, at my kind of cost. And I'm never without that wonderful walking-on-Air Step feeling. Air Step is my kind of shoe.



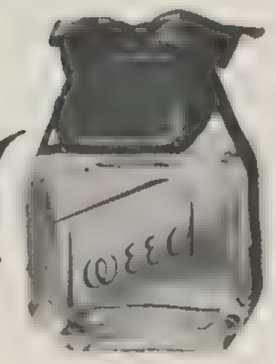
The newly rounded toe is deliberately youthful, and the chunky heel captures today's trend. Luxuriously grained kid in platinum. Also available in white or truffle. Air Step shoes are priced from $14 to $20. Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY BROWN SHOE COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., ONTARIO

Air Step® BROWN QUALITY AT YOUR FEET



"Aren't you wearing Tweed ( ) ?"



AVAILABLE IN PERFUME / COLOGNE / MIST / SHEER TWEED BODY BOUQUET / SOAP / BATH POWDER LENTHÉRIC LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK



You can do the crinkliest things in voile, if there's Fortrel in it.

Morlove gives you the perfect shirt plan for summer: softly feminine shirts, in cool summery voile. Fortrel makes them, machine wash, tumble-dry, need little or no ironing. Voile of Fortrel polyester and cotton, a Wm. Anderson Fabric by Waldburger. Shirt with lace and embroidery. Blue, hot pink or white with white. Ruffle-edged plaid shirt. Hot pink or yellow. Sizes 8 to 16. About $14.00 each. At B. Altman & Co., New York; G. Fox & Co., Hartford; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Texas—All Stores.

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

CELANESE FORTREL
THE FRESHENING FIBER

Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better



My name is Bertlyn.



Are you putting me on?



If you want to be as comfortable as a barefoot islander, don't put me off. My open sling back, three-button trim and tropical-motif lining will transport you to the rituals of old. And keep you in step with the rest of the natives."Caribé,"



style #508. In yellow, orange or white. Sizes 5 to 10½. Six dollars. Don't put off asking the salesgirls in the hosiery departments of better stores everywhere to help you select your Bertlyns. Bertlyn Corp., 411 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 10016.

Introducing The Body-Do

Warner's great new sequel to make-up and the hair-do.



Now, besides sweepy lashes, tawny lids, dewy cheeks, frosty lipstick and swingy hair, The Body-Do™ (a cutaway sleep shift with ruffles) by Warner's® is one of the few great pleasures in life that isn't illegal, immoral or fattening. $13.

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We know women like a book—In fact they love our cookbooks!



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Created under the careful eye of these foremost magazine editors, they are being made available for a limited time for you to own—or to give.

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Enclosed please find check or money order for $ for the purchase of the cookbooks indicated below.

Please check box for books ordered.

- ☐ **H&G Cook Book**
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If I am not completely satisfied, I may return book(s) within 10 days for full refund.

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- ☐ **Payment Enclosed. We pay shipping.**
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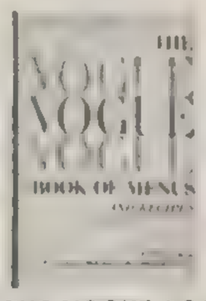
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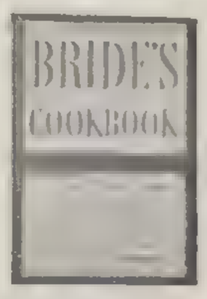
GLAMOUR MAGAZINE'S NEW AFTER-FIVE COOKBOOK
Over 300 menus and 1,000 recipes for all dining occasions: snacks for two to parties of many times two. Shopping lists included.
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Menus and recipes for every occasion calling for good food: formal entertaining or family meals. Illustrated generously in color.
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An excellent guide for the hostess who is interested in good food planned with style, cooked with care, and served correctly.
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THE BRIDE'S COOK BOOK
Brand-new and designed to change the shakiest beginner into a self-confident cook. Over 300 can't-fail recipes and time-saving shortcuts.
$5.95



Dress in tiger color combination (as shown), also in green/shocking combination. Sizes 4-14. Matching stockings, $7.50.
At: Miss Bergdorf at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Millie B. Oppenheimer, Chicago; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati and Dayton; Sakowitz, Houston; Harold's, Inc., Minneapolis.
Print by Carjer Looms. Of Loft-Set™ Caprolan® nylon by Allied Chemical. Look for this tag.

Formfit Rogers presents The Ten Best Undressed Women



Number Four Jean Lawrence. Painter. And she wonders why her self-portraits sell better than her seascapes! At home here in Formfit Rogers' new 24-Hour Culottes. Beautiful for breakfast à deux or pool gazing. And, of course, for sleeping. In the new Primrose Print that will be flowering over a whole new line of Formfit Rogers' underfashions — even girdles.

24-Hour Culottes



Open back crochet—REEL—7.50



Double breasted brass buttoned—D.B.—4.00



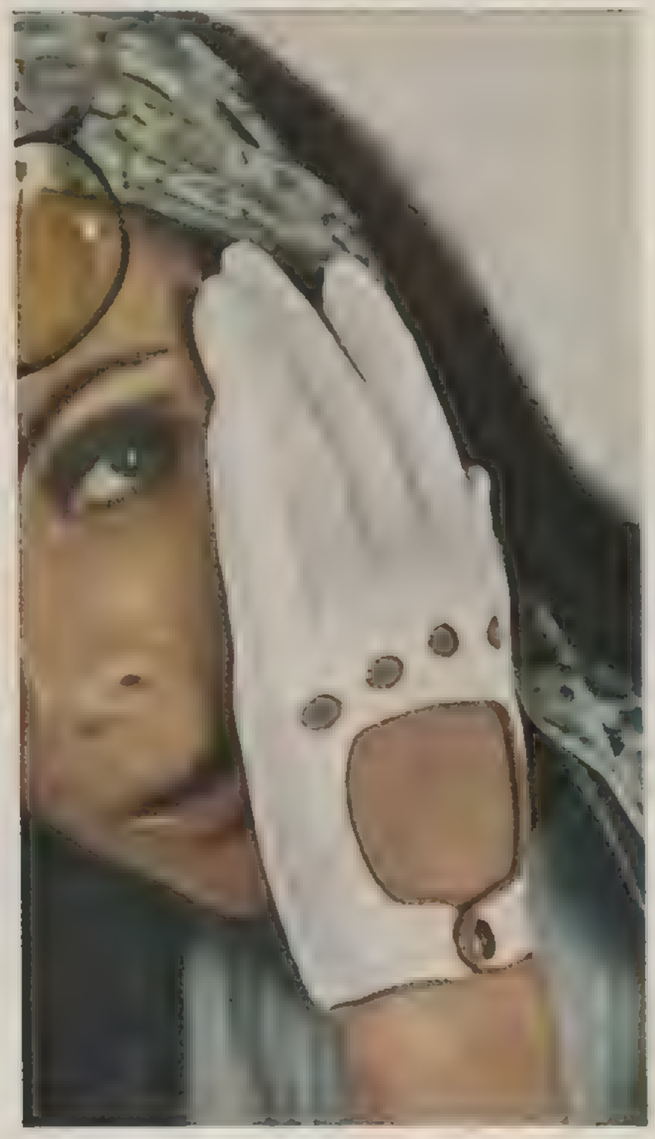
Brass, leather strap—BS—5.00



Mad money pocket—MM—5.00



Belted and buckled—FLIP—5.00



Kid grain nylon—CRELON 36—5.00



V-neck shortie—HIPSTER—3.50



Square fingers® exclusive—BALLOU—5.00
All gloves except Crelon are leather-tailored doeskin cotton.

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You'll love Crescendoe
GLOVES
At your favorite fine stores

Is it legal to wear a Dynel wig in a passport picture?



Why not? If it makes you look like a more beautiful American. But do heed our warning. If you arrive in a smashingly beautiful blonde Sassoon, don't try to cash a check at American Express in a long black flowing Kenneth. The advantages to a traveling woman of the Dynel modacrylic wig and a few chic hairpieces are so numerous you'd need an itinerary to list them. Just think, rainy days, booked beauty salons, an unexpected invitation, airplane trips, boat rides, a swim in the Aegean. As they say, to know someone you have to travel with them, so try traveling with Dynel because **...it's not fake anything, it's real Dynel.** UNION CARBIDE

The Couth Vermouth



On the rocks, alone or in cocktails, Noilly Prat is impeccably correct—in a word, couth! In Manhattans, Noilly Prat Italian is subtly sweet, never cloying.

In a Martini, Noilly Prat French is extra dry and pale. Dry or sweet, on the rocks or off, Noilly Prat Vermouths make the world's most privileged cocktails.

Don't Stir Without Noilly Prat

BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

The kite dress—spotted in black and white



PENATI

Two swift seams, a slit of a neck—the simplest little kite of a dress in black-on-white silk crêpe de chine with drawstring sleeves tied on the arm. Worn with wide-and-narrow bangles. Black-and-white bubbles at the ear. Dress by Andrew Woods, of Gourdon fabric. About $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny. Marvella earrings. Cadoro bracelets. Coiffure by Lupe, using real hairpieces by Cleopatra.

Vogue Patterns

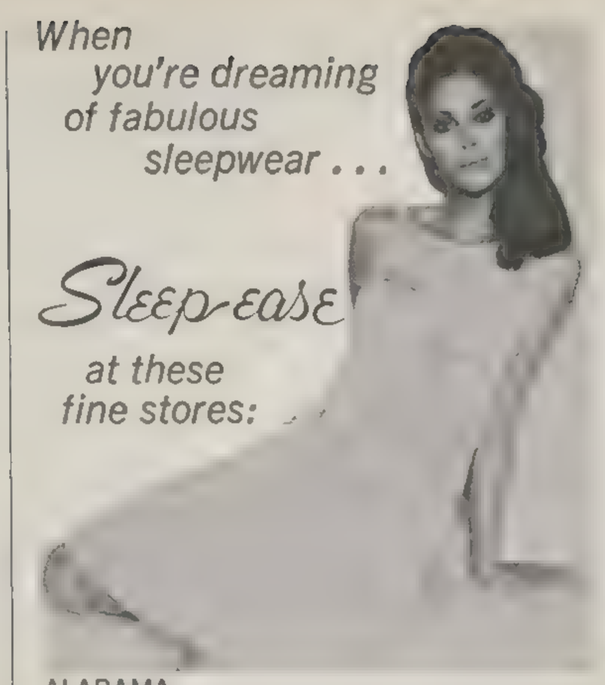
(Continued from pages 124-125; other views, yardages, details)



7048 7074

Far left: Gold foil harem pyjamas—includes pattern for street-length dress. Vogue Pattern 7048. Sizes 10 to 18. Size 14 requires 7⅝ yds. of 37″-38″ quilted foil. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65.
Left: Silver foil tunic and short pants—includes patterns for longer tunic, dress, and pants. Vogue Pattern 7074. Sizes 10-18. Size 14, with tunic sleeves lined to edge, requires 4⅜ yards of 37″-38″ quilted foil. $2. In Canada, $2.20.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4092, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.



When you're dreaming of fabulous sleepwear . . .

Sleep-ease

at these fine stores:

ALABAMA
Pizitz .....Birmingham & Huntsville
ARIZONA
Diamond's .....Phoenix
CALIFORNIA
Robinson's .....California
Fedway Stores .....Bakerfield
Hink's of Berkeley .....Berkeley
Harris* .....San Bernardino
Hafter's-Haggarty .....San Diego
H. Liebes* .....San Francisco
COLORADO
Neusteter's* .....Denver
CONNECTICUT
D. M. Read Co. Inc. Bridgeport-Trumbull
Sage Allen & Co. Inc. .....Hartford
D.C.
Woodward & Lothrop .....Washington
FLORIDA
Jordon Marsh .....Florida
Furchgott's
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Rich's .....Atlanta
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Thal's* .....Dayton
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Fowler Dick & Walker ...Wilkes-Barre
Jack's of York .....York
RHODE ISLAND
McCarthy's .....Woonsocket
TENNESSEE
Goldsmith's .....Memphis
Chester's .....Nashville
TEXAS
Grissom's .....Abiline
Sanger-Harris .....Dallas
Sakowitz .....Houston
Grammer-Murphy .....Midland
UTAH
Auerbach's .....Salt Lake City
VIRGINIA
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WASHINGTON
Bon Marche .....Seattle, Northgate & Tacoma
The Crescent .....Spokane
WISCONSIN
H.C. Prange Co.
Green Bay & Sturgeon Bay
Emma Lange-Smartwear ...Milwaukee
*and branches
Or write:
Sleepease Inc., 99 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

When you're dreaming of falling off a cliff, does your nightie cling for dear life?



There's nothing like a clinging nightie for starting your dreams off in the wrong direction.

And most nighties not only cling. They slip and slide and tie you up in loose ends.

That's why more and more women prefer to sleep in nighties made of light, airy, Crepeset® nylon tricot.

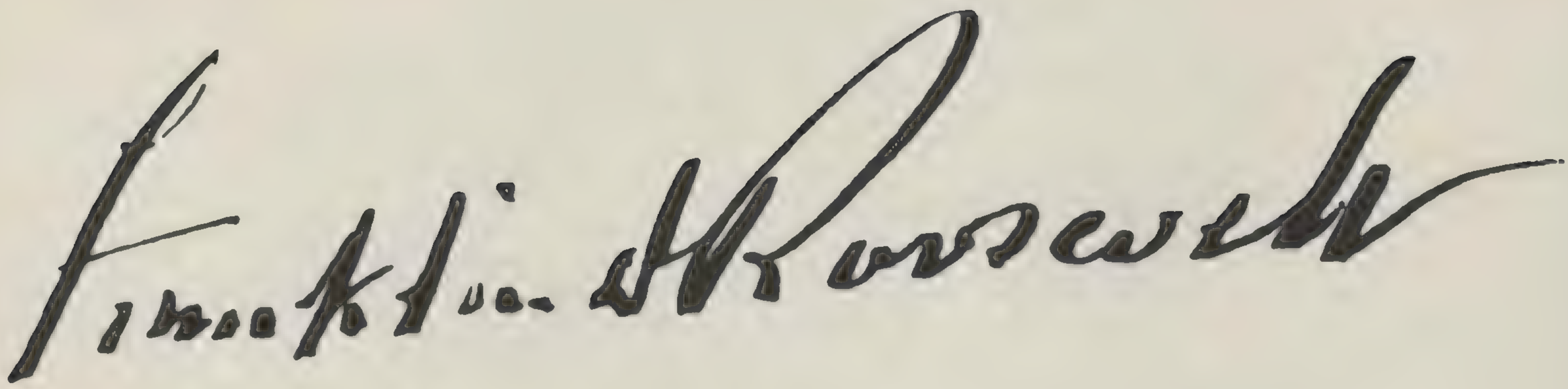
Crepeset is a more natural nylon. It has more give and less slide built into it. And it lets air circulate underneath.

That way the nightie won't feel too close for comfort. Or cling as much. Or get all wrapped up in your dreams.

SLEEP-EASE makes the wide-awake shift gown in petite, small, medium and large. Colors: Pink, Blue, Beige. About $8. Matching peignoir about $10. Also in the same line: Pantie shift about $8 and full-length pajama about $9. (Slightly higher in the West.) All in Crepe Primavera® fabric by Collins & Aikman.

Crepeset Nylon by Enka

LORD & TAYLOR & BRANCHES—N.Y., N.Y.; JORDAN MARSH CO. & BRANCHES—BOSTON, MASS.; MAY CO. & BRANCHES—CLEVELAND, OHIO; RICH'S INC. & BRANCHES—ATLANTA, GA.; ROBINSON CO. & BRANCHES—L.A., CALIF.; SANGER-HARRIS & BRANCHES—DALLAS, TEXAS. CREPESET IS A REG. TM OF AMERICAN ENKA CORP., ENKA, N.C. FOR ITS NYLON WITH THE "CREPE" BUILT IN.



"If I were starting life over again, I am inclined to think that I would go into the advertising business in preference to almost any other. This is because advertising has come to cover the whole range of human needs and also because it combines real imagination with a deep study of human psychology. Because it brings to the greatest number of people actual knowledge concerning useful things, it is essentially a form of education...It has risen with ever-growing rapidity to the dignity of an art. It is constantly paving new paths...The general raising of the standards of modern civilization among all groups of people during the past half century would have been impossible without the spreading of the knowledge of higher standards by means of advertising."

Isn't it strange to find people in this country today who, in the name of everything Franklin D. Roosevelt stood for, criticize advertising and seek to restrict it? Well-meaning people who say that it is unfair competition for a big company to spend more on advertising than a small company. Ignoring the fact that it is advertising that helps small companies grow big . . . companies like Polaroid, Xerox, Sony and dozens more who have taken on the giants in the marketplace and won their niche.

These people think we should restrict the amount of advertising a company can do—just to be fair. But, of course, big companies spend more on research and development than little companies, too. And that's even more unfair because it helps develop new products the little companies don't have. So, perhaps, we should restrict research and development.

It's too bad somebody didn't think of this 40 years ago. Then we'd all still have iceboxes. And you wouldn't have to worry about getting all that frozen food home from the supermarket before it thaws. In your 1966 Model "T."

Magazine Publishers Association
An association of 365 leading U.S. magazines



Our sterling owes its smoothness to an island volcano and Kenneth Glenn.

Every year we import a ton and a half of pumice from the volcanic islands around Pompeii.

Pumice has been polishing things for centuries. It works beautifully on sterling. But for us it's only a start.

We're not satisfied unless Kenneth Glenn does the finishing.

He uses a special buffing wheel made of 64 polishing cloths. 35 large. 29 small.

First he works each piece of sterling against the large cloths. Along handles. Around spoon bowls. Up and down fork tines.

Then he works each piece against cloths so small they can reach into curves. Around swirls. Even in between petals.

When Kenneth Glenn gets through, every inch of our sterling is glass-smooth.

Even in corners your fingers never touch.

Only then are we satisfied.

Only then is sterling worthy of our "IS" maker's mark.

You'll find that mark with the patterns you see here. And you can take advantage of special savings over open stock prices when you buy a basic service for 4, 8 or 12.

For a free color brochure showing all our patterns, please write The International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

®International Sterling

All patterns made in U.S.A.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

To make a royal splash of bathing

Sybarites, who are often the most practical of people, have grown happily habituated, on several continents, to splashing their bath and their bodies with the palely golden contents of a magnum. Not of the usual fizzy—luxurious idea though that may be—but of something incomparably better for the skin. Royal Bain de Champagne—Caron's balm for bathers. A capful of which in the bath refreshes and smooths both flesh and spirit. Partly it's the oils—rich, soothing emollients. Partly it's the scent—a touch of musk, a flowering of something delicately eluding description. Try tingling it on after the bath. Or, chilled, as a welcoming way to awake in the sleepy morn. Men like Royal Bain de Champagne, use it, especially in France, as an after-shave or on their handkerchiefs. Its scent, like charming wit, gives instant pleasure but doesn't linger overly, doesn't conflict with other scents. The long-loved magnum size now has a family of splits—a new 4½ ounce champagne bottle, a 2 ounce size for travel. No fizzle this.

All that flickers is not gold

. . . but a lot of the flicker is golden. For instance, all over the country, all over the body, all over faces: the liking is for gold. Makeup on the sunny-gilt side. Bodies gilded a sunny apricot. Stockings that haze, with gilt, the skin of the legs. And makeup makers and makeup wearers are going right along with the idea. Among them, that swinging producer of eyelashes, Andrea. Of Andrea's twenty-four varieties of interesting fake eyelashes—thicks and thins, curlies and shaggies, combo colours and straight colours—the one that reaches out from the display case and grabs you the most grippingly at this moment is golden (the runner-up is silvery). . . . Not exactly pure gold, Andrea's Glitter Lash, like its twenty-three running mates, is hand-made in Spain of that celebratedly silky European hair. But into its glossy strands have been injected shots of gilt strands that dominate the picture, seem to ask to come along on evenings of pure gold. . . .

Emotional makeup—a master plan

It all started, as master plans do, with the foundation. A sheer liquid makeup base that engages itself in translucency plus coverage. Plan got built up, as things should on a good foundation, to become the just-out Coty Originals makeup collection, a whole wardrobe of face possibilities for faces which crave to investigate all possibilities. To go with fashion, with the day, with the night, in the sun and out of the sun—Coty thinking went that a woman wants the same versatility of makeup as she does of clothes. One look one day, one hour—another look the next. Shine up or tone down or, in the evening, glitter. Coty Originals contain the wherewithal. For instance, after the foundation and contouring via the two-colour contouring kit: a blusher kit with a choice of sponge-on or brush-on blusher (sponge and brush included to implement either). Depending on whether one's clothes, one's mood, and one are opting that moment for a glowy or a velvety finish. Translucent powder for velvety, "jewelled" powder for evening, no powder at all for glowy. Eye makeup follows through accordingly. . . . A masterful assortment of goods to keep one's face in pace with one's dress—and one's emotional climate. . . .

How protein can get into your hair

Everybody loves protein. Especially wearers of hair that's gone wrong. They've heard, they've read that protein is supposed to chunk up hair, repair a little damage in each hair strand. *If* the protein really penetrates the hair. . . . Therefore, it follows that penetrating protein, going hand in hand with a permanent wave, should reduce any havoc wrought by latter. . . . By what they call "fractionating" protein, the Helene Curtis chemical lights have developed a permanent wave that promises protein penetration, promises that it will remain there through shampooing, soothe while it waves. By sifting out impurities that can't or shouldn't make the trip into the hair shaft, this particular revved-up protein is said to add to the actual bulk of the permanented hair by up to 30%. Just in time to celebrate the return of Some Curl, Helene Curtis has injected its new find into Revive Salon Wave. Which has other virtues the Curtis people are whistling about. Neutralizing solution specially formulated to induce waved hair to gleam. A final rinse bubbles away every trace of the waving chemicals . . . every one except good old fractionated protein, which stays on as a guest of the head of the house—at least until its next permanent. . . .

CANTRECE.® NYLON IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SKIN.



Cantrece, the totally new fiber from Du Pont. For stockings that fit with the best fit of all. DU PONT

Stockings shown: Cantrece® nylon. ®Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not stockings shown.

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

Just remember the Weatherbee and you can forget about the weather



*Higher far West

Nice to know that one marvelous coat will take you through the suns and sprinkles of springtime weather! *This* Weatherbee, of douppioni-look rayon and acetate (laminated) in navy, azure blue, martini. Syl-mer® all-weather finish. Misses and junior sizes. $40.00* at these and other leading stores.

Arnold Constable, L. L. Berger, Wm. H. Block, Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Frederick & Nelson, Harzfeld's, Higbee Co., Himelhoch's, Hochschild Kohn, Jordan Marsh, Kaufmann's, May–D & F, Miller & Paine, Stewart's, John Wanamaker, Woodward & Lothrop.
Weatherbee Coats, Inc., 512 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018.

WEATHERBEE®

VOGUE'S

A polished party among wildlife, in New York, for The Animal Medical Center



1

Elephants walked, poodles danced, and lions and tigers looped the room at this New York dinner-dance for The Animal Medical Center. This exceptional veterinary clinic and research institute cares for forty thousand small animals a year, is never closed, and aims towards research that will some day help humans as well.

For the Center's benefit the cherubically pink St. Regis Roof glowed this evening with a fauve orange light reflected from orange and leopard-print tablecloths, an orange canopy over the dance floor, and posters of jungle beasts looming in the windows. In their wild setting, the guests seemed appealingly anti-wild, with clusters of pretty young women, gently spoken, many of them dressed in disciplined pale crêpe. Even the poodles in the amusing mid-evening dog act were exhaustively



2



3

NOTEBOOK



4



5

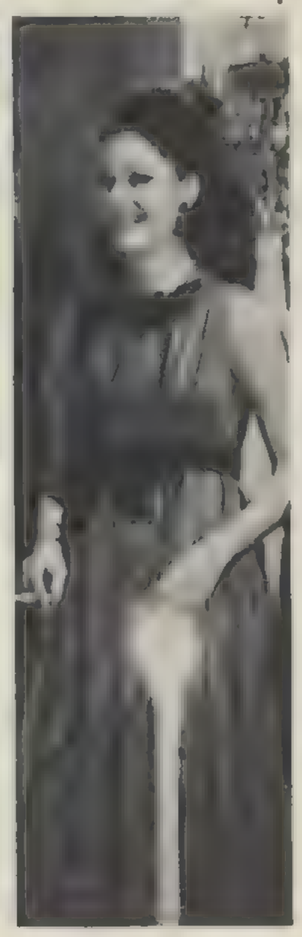
groomed and plumed. As for the elephants? Well, not real elephants walking. Just a wittily accented walking bass that boomed and lumbered along under Peter Duchin's non-savage "slows" for dancing.

1. Mrs. Anne McDonnell Ford and Mr. Frederick A. Melhado speaking to Mr. Peter Duchin at his piano, half-hidden by a giant candelabrum. 2. One of the dancing poodles. 3. Mrs. Montague H. Hackett. Jr.. with basket of door-prize chances. 4. Mrs. John A. Vietor, centre. 5. Countess John N. Palffy and Prince Veriand Windisch-Graetz. 6. Mrs. Edwin F. Russell and Mr. Henry B. Platt. 7. Mrs. Theodore Bassett. 8. Mr. Walter Hoving and Mrs. Harry A. Brooks. 9. Mr. John A. Vietor and Mrs. W. Vincent Astor.

6



7



8



9





Decorum

An orderly suit of gentle distinction, its formal leaf-and-flower pattern arranged in decorous rows. Underneath, the sleeveless shell to match. Suit about thirty dollars, shell about eight dollars at good stores and college shops

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By ANTHONY WEST

Black Comedy, "*enormously funny*"

Peter Shaffer's *Black Comedy* at the Ethel Barrymore should not be missed. Superb direction by John Dexter and magnificent playing by the beautifully balanced cast make this a classic performance of a piece that will probably last as long as the theatre can use comedy.

Its charm and its immense comic power lie in the simplicity of its basic idea, a notion taken from the traditional Chinese theatre, whose audiences have for centuries delighted in the broad comic effects that can be achieved if they go along with the pretense that characters plainly visible to them on a fully lighted stage are enveloped in total darkness. It has been Mr. Shaffer's happy thought to marry this simple gimmick to a farce in the manner of Feydeau. The product of the marriage is enormously funny. For the first two minutes or so the audience hears, but does not see, the conventional explanatory beginning of a farce being played before them on an unlighted stage. Then, as one of the characters cries in agony that a fuse must have blown, the stage is plunged into light. From then on there is not one slack or unfunny moment until the curtain finally falls, neither a second too late or too soon, on the final undoing of an endearingly inept young careerist who is played to perfection by Michael Crawford.

Geraldine Page, looking lovelier than ever, is brilliant as the doomed schemer's vengeful mistress, and Lynn Redgrave, infinitely more appealing on the stage than on the screen, does wonders with the part of a tough, but bird-brained, débutante. Peter Bull and Donald Madden contribute some beautiful clowning in supporting rôles, and do a great deal to make this joyful harlequinade a milestone in the history of comedy.

The East Wind, "*sugary sentimentality*"

The simultaneous appearance of *The East Wind* and *Of Love Remembered* at the Vivian Beaumont and the ANTA theatres suggests that the managements concerned had a bet to see who could do worse with a bad play. Robert Symonds tips the scales in favour of the Lincoln Center group by directing *The East Wind* as if he subscribed to the now widely held belief that any rubbish will become a contribution to the serious theatre if played slowly enough in front of a snot-green set. The play follows two Polish refugees down the years from 1939 in the "documentary" style that was, one had hoped, laughed out of court forever by the Battle of Britain sketch in *Beyond the Fringe*. It begins with the attempted suicide of one of them, ends with his second, successful try, and is of a sugary sentimentality throughout.

Of Love Remembered, "*a poor booby*"

Of Love Remembered is also played at snail's pace, but here we are invited to smile through our tears at the misfortunes of a poor booby who in later life compounds his youthful error of marrying his father's mistress by renting the spare room to his wife's lover. The play seeks to explain the tensions that plague the consequent ménage à trois in a series of flashbacks. The direction problem, faced boldly but not, alas, successfully by Burgess Meredith is that posed by an imported Swedish beauty, Ingrid Thulin, who sort of belongs in the play because it's about Scandinavians who move to Minnesota. She is perfectly lovely, and speaks audibly enough when she has to, but what, if anything, she is supposed to be thinking at any given moment there is no way of telling.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By ANN BIRSTEIN

La Guerre Est Finie, "*persuasively played*"

In *La Guerre Est Finie,* Alain Resnais has made that very rare thing, a movie about political action, with a hero who is first concerned with the nature of his commitment to ideology, and then by extension, but only by extension, to his own life. The war is the Spanish Civil War, and the man who finally realizes that it's over is a courier for the anti-Franco underground in Paris, who has suddenly come to question the very cornerstone of his political faith: that the exiles will decide what will happen in Spain. It is a struggle that Diego, charmingly and persuasively played by Yves Montand, can make clear to no one, not even his mistress, and least of all to the mind of the bureau of which for twenty-five years he has been a part.

Resnais's direction is admirably suited to his theme, straightforward, plain, very black and white. Diego's thoughts, interspliced with the action, are as simple as snapshots of the mind. Sometimes the story becomes too tedious or disjointed, and too often it is interrupted by symbolic, writhing love scenes which seem atmospherically to be left over from some other movie. But Resnais is also able to capture the less idealized beauties of women, particularly in the finely drawn, almost bony face of Ingrid Thulin, who plays the experienced revolutionary's woman. And perhaps what he captures best is the feeling of camaraderie that motivates the political man, that sense of unity with his old *copains* of the movement that ultimately makes Diego pick himself up and start all over again. The film ends with Miss Thulin, distraught and beautiful, running down an airport corridor to try to head him off from a trap—not such an ambiguous ending as it sounds. Whether she succeeds this time is not the issue because, like the corridor, the nature of the struggle is interminable.

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad

As one who has seen Rosalind Russell dressed as Mother Superior putting out crumbs for the birdies in the snow, I suppose none of that lady's ventures should surprise me any longer. Still, the sight of her playing the marvellously flamboyant Madame Rosepettle of Arthur Kopit's famous off-Broadway play as a kind of crazed Auntie Mame in drag is not only surprising but aesthetically rather shocking. She is, alas, not at all the worst offender. Most of the blame belongs to Ian Bernard for a screenplay that besides violating the taste, the wit, and the flair of the original, not to mention the plot, also takes poor Dad (Jonathan Winters) out of the closet and puts him in a little circle in every scene, where he delivers himself of a narration much like the monologues of those old stand-up comedians on the radio.

Whether Mr. Winters is wasting his talents here is a moot point, but there are other members of the cast who certainly are, including the fine English actor Hugh Griffith; Robert Morse, who plays the overprotected son with thumb in mouth; and Barbara Harris, repeating her rôle of Rosemary with evident embarrassment at the circumstances. Only one scene is truly reminiscent of the original, and this is somehow a worse spectacle of waste than any other because it reminds one of how much has been lost. There they are, Miss Harris and Mr. Morse, alone at last, she turning that seductive sweetheart face up to him, murmuring in her hollow, split-level voice how much she wants him. They are about to kiss; Mr. Winters appears in his little circular inset. "Go on, boy," he says, "make believe it's hamburger."

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By JEAN STAFFORD

The Eighth Day, "*a rattling good yarn*"

In *The Eighth Day* (Harper & Row), Thornton Wilder gives us a large, richly discursive novel, part murder mystery, part family saga, part inquiry into human behaviour. Its landscapes range from the Middle West to South America and from New Jersey to California and the Caribbean. It is, even at its most disquisitive, a rattling good yarn.

The time is the turn of the century. In an Illinois mining town just before midnight on December 31, 1899, the progressive Dr. Gillies tells a crowd who have gathered before the courthouse for the momentous striking of the clock that the twentieth century will be the beginning of the second week of Creation. He talks of the millions of years that the seven days of the Bible represent, outraging some of his audience, to whom evolution is still synonymous with godlessness, and putting some to sleep. He predicts that the New Man of the Eighth Day will emerge from his cave into a climate of Mind and Spirit. "The race," he says, "is undergoing its education. . . . It [education] is the bridge man crosses from the self-enclosed, self-favouring life into a consciousness of the entire community of mankind."

Dr. Gillies is too skeptical and wise to believe his fustian; he knows that the new century will be as ignoble and as sanguinary as all the others of the past, that "there are no Golden Ages and no Dark Ages. There is the oceanlike monotony of the generations of men under the alternations of fair and foul weather." But he spins his encouraging lies in order to give hope to the young so they will be able to endure their inevitable disenchantments.

In particular, he is speaking to two boys, Roger Ashley and George Lansing, the sons of the most important men at the mines. Two years later, Roger's father is tried for the murder of George's father, found guilty, and sentenced to death. As the train is taking him to his execution, he escapes from his guards through the help of a band of men whom he does not know, who are never apprehended, and who are not identified for the reader until the end of the book. From this chaos, tragedy, and disgrace, the families of the victim and the fugitive must rise to bring order and purpose into their lives.

At a deliberate pace, Mr. Wilder follows the journeys and fortunes of these people, intricately intertwining their lives. He backtracks to Hoboken in 1883 where John Ashley, studying engineering, met his German wife; and to the island of St. Kitts where Mrs. Lansing was born to an English father and a Creole mother. The products of these marriages are as various and individual as the temperaments of America.

If the murder had not been committed, or if John Ashley had not escaped, or if the truth of the matter had come to light, perhaps the course of each of these characters would have been different; on the other hand, they might have been the same. There may be a method and meaning in the crossings of destinies and in peregrinations and the vision of new horizons, but it is equally possible that haphazard chance accounts for all of them. The author leaves the interpretation of his ramifications to his reader: "There is much talk of a design in the arras. Some are certain they see it. Some see what they have been told to see. . . . Some are strengthened by seeing a pattern wherein the oppressed and exploited of the earth are gradually emerging from their bondage. Some find strength in the conviction that there is nothing to see." One thing is certain: The Monday after the Creation is blue, and the only light on it is hope that Tuesday will be better.

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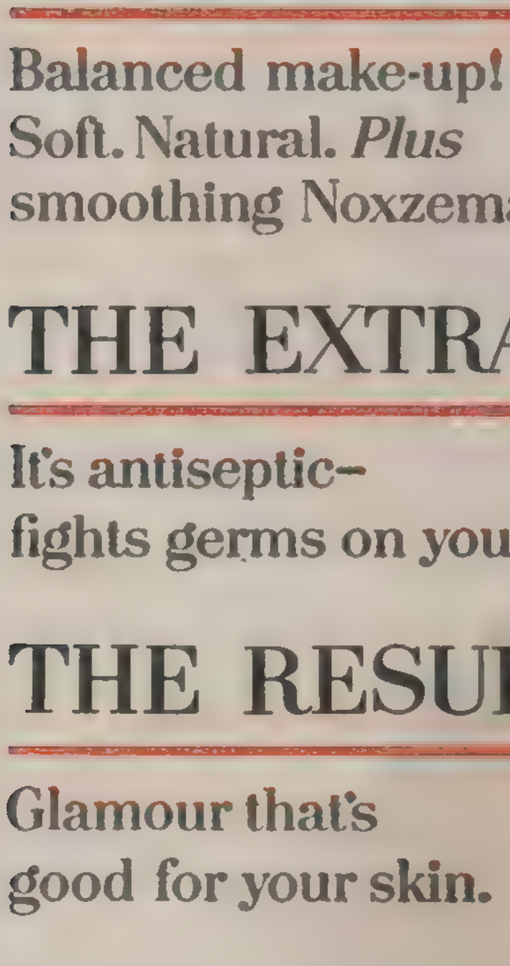
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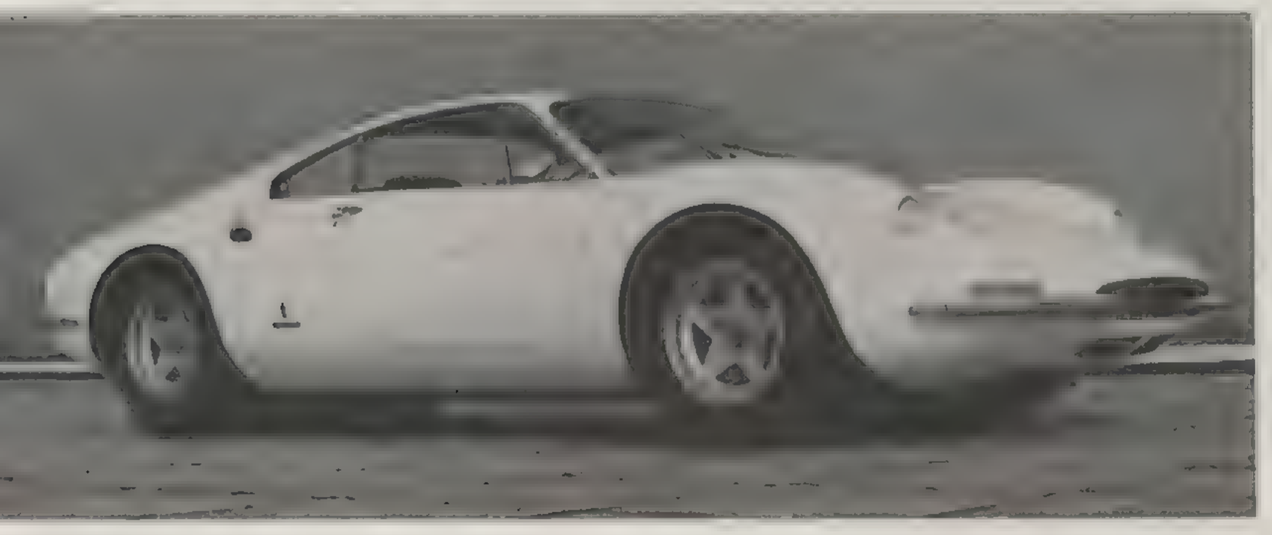
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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

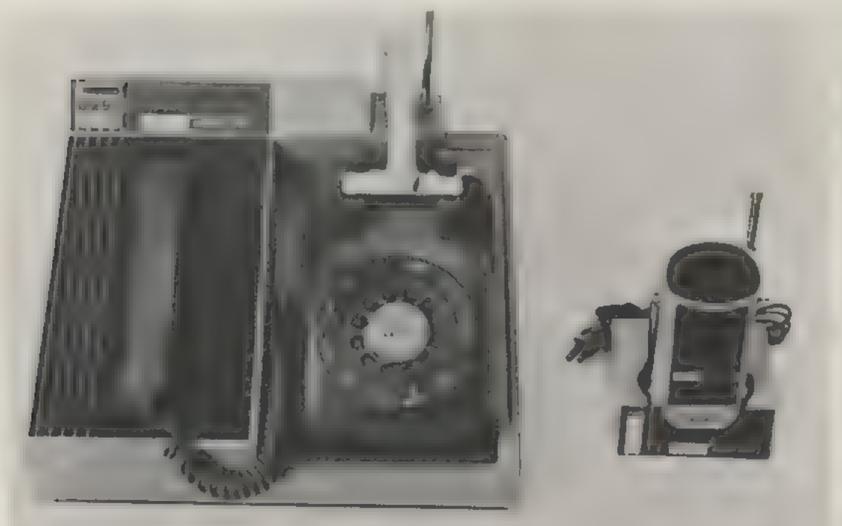
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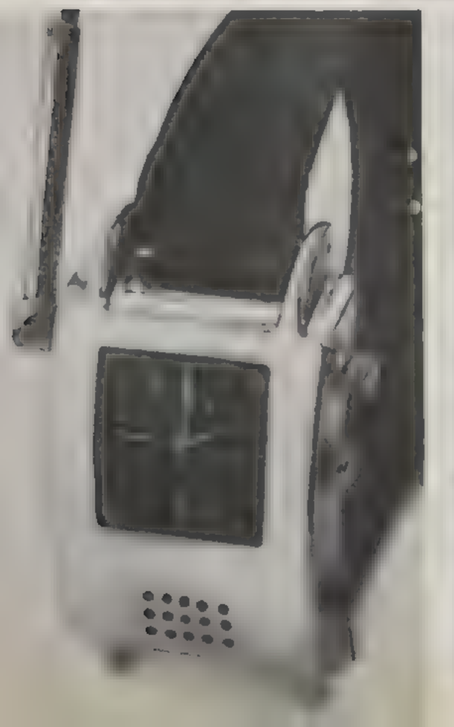




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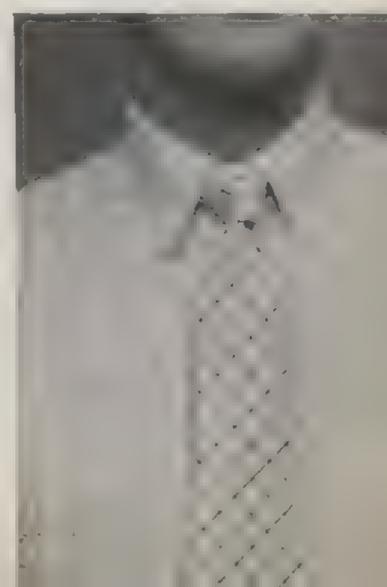


KASTERINE

London: The new spirit is inspired by roaring Regency rakes, and is put together with great care and distinction. The Earl of Lichfield designed his black Regency coat himself, had it cut by Eric Joy at Blades of Dover Street. Blades made his chalk-stripe black trousers, too. The blue and white striped shirt is from Turnbull and Asser. Lord Lichfield pulled the whole thing together beautifully with a Byronic cravat and big silver belt buckle, both from Annacat.

Two Tattersalls . . . great looking almost-twins, terrific together with paler spring and summer suits . . . pale greens and cream in the Resilio silk tie, $4; dark green and yellow Tattersalls on cream in the Gant cotton shirt, $8.50.

JACK ROBINSON



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MARCH 15, 1967

VOGUE's *eye view of Paris*



Everything moves. The girl herself is the extravaganza that makes the look of the sixties. Every couturier, consciously or not, knows her as the vital ingredient in his designs. Her chemistry and colouring, her length of limb, the narrowness of her body, the proportion of the head, and the natural strength of a long neck. The whole outline of the clothes—necklines and sleeves delicately carved away, hems widened to free the knee—is designed to release and project her individuality. The girl herself dominates. She's the *élan vital* that inspires fashion for the adventurous and the luxurious. In Paris—and everywhere—she is *there*.

Right: The girl in the Cardin suit—leggy and merry. A big industrial zipper holds the small jacket pointed like a weskit over a wide white belt; small skirt with a snappy Cardin flip. Navy blue all the way, with navy helmet, navy stockings, and a blouse of mallard-blue jersey. Suit, of Ducharne wool crêpe. Charles Jourdan shoes. Kislav gloves. The helmet, at Bergdorf Goodman.

Cardin's sharp little suit ... weskit jacket with the big industrial zipper

BERT STERN



PARIS

Twiggy haute couture

BY POLLY DEVLIN

Twiggy is called Twiggy because she looks as though a strong gale would snap her in two and dash her to the ground. In a profession where thinness is essential, Twiggy is of such meagre constitution that other models stare at her. Her legs look as though she had not had enough milk as a baby and her face has that expression one feels Londoners wore in the Blitz—a look that is essentially British—dogged and touching simultaneously.

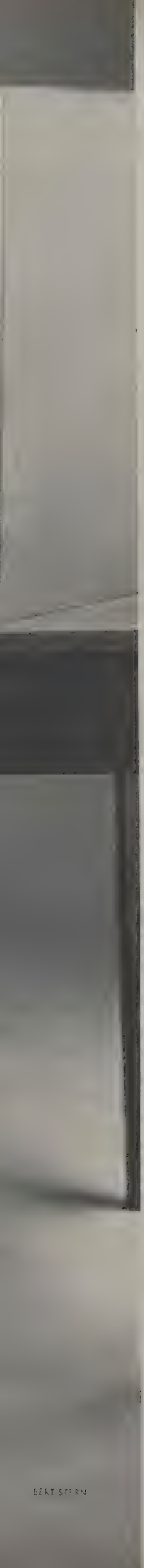
She has an extraordinary beauty—a beauty that would have been unnoticed ten years ago and would, in any other age, have made her an outcast in the marriage stakes. Her face might have been conceived by a computer to match the requirements of the face of the sixties—bony, pale-skinned, big-eyed, vulnerable, lacquered with a stony stare of arrogance. The look of arrogance is a happy accident. Twiggy wouldn't know what arrogance means.

The story of Twiggy is not simply the story of a girl who became a top model very quickly. It's also the story of the London pop scene—a scene set, in the beginning, by the Beatles; it's the story of her manager Justin de Villeneuve and the story of the avid, insatiable appetite of the English press and public for any new thing. If the new thing is a girl, working class, young, untutored, beautiful, there is no limit to the amount of attention she can command until something newer comes along.

Twiggy is young enough not to have to worry yet about the fade-out. And her natural advantages will keep her in the public affections for some time to come. These assets include a Cockney accent, a lack (Continued on page 147)

The great bias intrigue of Grès...Cardin's gauzy pleats

Left: Twiggy at the telly (and who knows what drama lurks off-stage?) in poetic white jersey with all the Grès mystique. Fabric by Véron. At I. Magnin. Silver-strip sandals by Mancini. Carita coiffure. Right: Cardin's sweet little fall of pleats—silver and green gonflé silk printed in yellow, tinselled with Lurex. Of Bucol fabric. At Bonwit Teller. Earrings by Hattie Carnegie. Mancini's gold sling-slippers. The coiffure by Alexandre.





PARIS

Saint Laurent's
transparency.
bead-latticed midriff...
Bedouin stripes
for a red and white
beach cover by Grès



Left: Black and gold beads latticed over a bare midriff. Above and below the torso bareness, mosaics of brown and gold plastic embroidered on organza. By Saint Laurent. Lanel embroidery. "Necklace" sandals of Corfam: Roger Vivier for Saint Laurent. *Right:* Bedouin stripes of white on red wool jersey, a wide white belt at the hip—a beach cover with sleeves winging out from the waist. By Grès. Racine fabric. At I. Magnin. Earrings by Paco Rabanne for Jean Dinh Van. Hair—curly at left, smoothed here showing a beautiful Twiggy face—by Carita.

BERT STERN


BERT STERN

PARIS

Saint Laurent's chain-belted tunic, a balance of pockets... midriff held close at Cardin

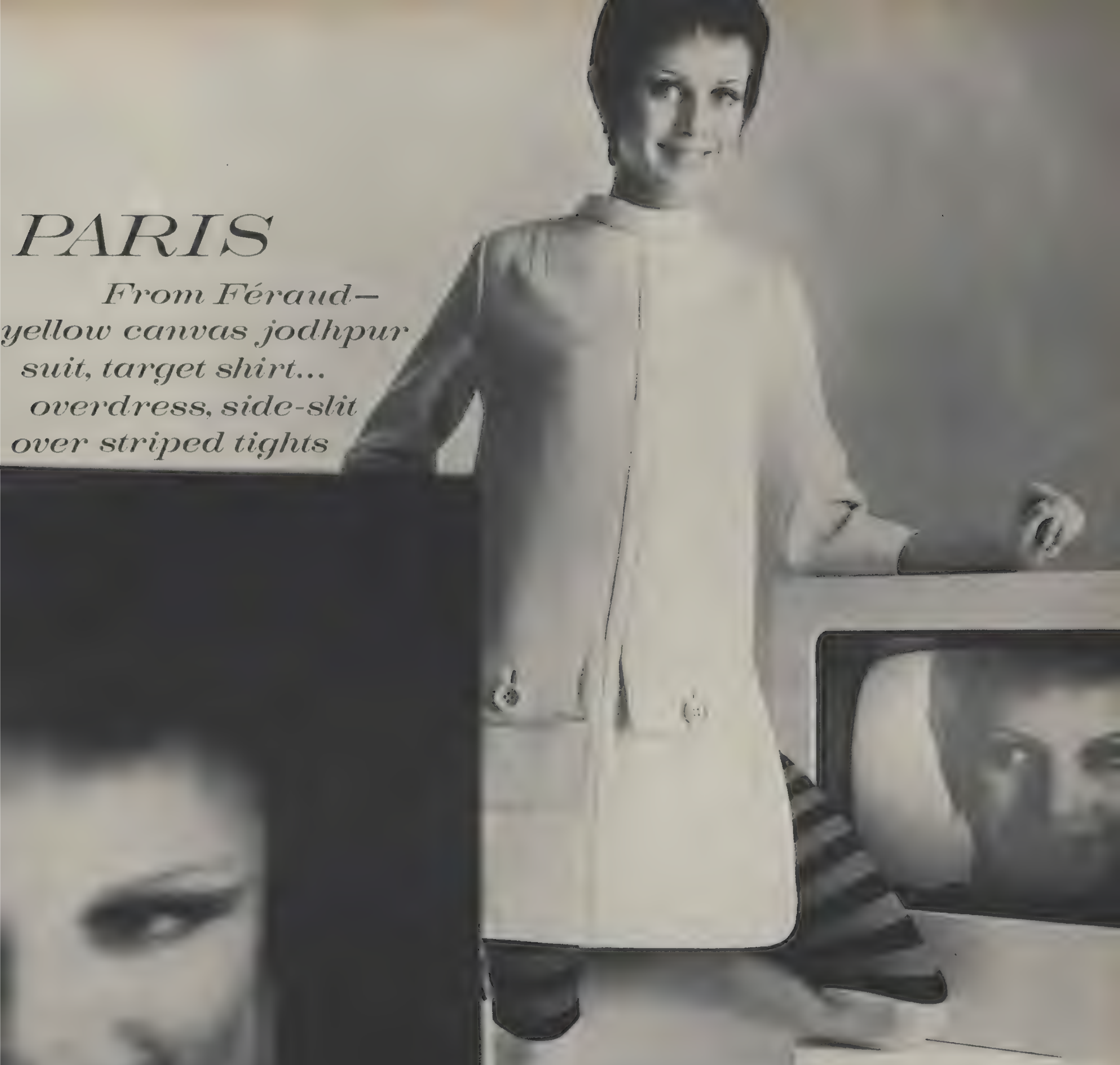
Twiggy on the tube, left, in navy wool jersey. Big patch pockets, flapped, buttoned, placed low to balance the short fall of side-slit skirt. The hold at the waist: a wide chain-mail belt of silver links. By Saint Laurent. Fabric by Pelletier. Roger Vivier shoes for Saint Laurent.

Right: The widest belt in town, on a dress that's initially Cardin—these PC's, big on many of his clothes. Rolled edges at the hem and neck, and diamond cutout. Low pockets. White wool dress, belt of white leather-look jersey. By Cardin. Chatillon fabric. Twiggy's coiffures: Carita.



PARIS

From Féraud—
yellow canvas jodhpur
suit, target shirt...
overdress, side-slit
over striped tights



A clear picture in clear colours—easy hip-slung jodhpurs, opposite, and jacket of yellow canvas, white T-shirt with one red dot. By Louis Féraud. Tall white canvas boots zipped down the back. Canvas by Dixon; boots by François Villon for Féraud. *This page:* A tunic dress of white double-faced wool, welt-seamed, with the balance of low flapped pockets. Back closing. Seen through side slits: tights, striped to the knee in red and black. By Louis Féraud. Nattier wool. Shoes by François Villon for Féraud. Both costumes, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Both coiffures by Alexandre.

BERT STERN

PARIS

the proportioned
dash of

Courrèges

BERT STERN



In the pure white theatre of the new Courrèges salon lacquer-red tulips were the only blaze of colour until... the mannequins appeared in strong orange, vivid corals with an inkling of lemon, the clearest reds, heavenly pale blues, pinks that were almost fragrant, tenderest greens, and—as always—pristine white. The cleanest colours in the most luxurious fabrics. The look—supremely Courrèges—with the perfect proportions set for spring by knee socks instead of boots—was rounder, sweeter, fresher... never a hard line anywhere... nothing squared, nothing rigid, nothing angular... everything worn by tall, straight-backed mannequins with strong amber limbs and delightful dapplings of freckles. Fabrics are softer; the cut of coats and dresses, a touch closer to the body, sometimes curved into the figure. Courrèges, the designer who launched a universal revolution in fashion, has now refined and polished every *coup;* for every challenge in design and making he has found the "elegant solution."

Left: The Swiss-Miss look at Courrèges—pretty little flip of a dress and pantacourt with St. Gall dots embroidered on nude tulle and the golden skin of the girls part of the great design. Scalloped edges for both; and for the bare-backed dress, a triple row of St. Gall dots rimming the hips. Both worn with sheer white socks and white strapped slippers.

PARIS

the new rounded
tailoring, the
curves and
ovals of
Courrèges

Pink the colour of a pale garden rose for the best coat of all, far left; curved seams ovalling in on the body from bosom to hip; rounded welt seaming finishing the close round collar, the front closing. Banded cuffs; a high half-belt in back. Worn over a sleeveless dress with the same oval seams moving in from bust to hip—witty dots of Spanish-hat embroidery mark the curve. *Left:* White wool dress—pure Courrèges white—worn with a white coat with collar, cuffs, tab front, and pockets squared with lines of sharp black—the first black he's ever shown. The dress: small, lovable, inclined a bit closer to the body, nice and easy at the hem. Tab front and rounded pockets.



Right: Silver-grey wool pantacourt scalloped in white. Flinging free in the background—the big-zippered coat worn with it; white plastic ciré with rounded pockets. *Below:* Lively little skivvy of a dress in white wool curved to the body by halfmoon seams front and back. Rounded pockets.



PARIS

the long straight pants of Courrèges

Courrèges cuts pants as long as a Regency buck's, going straight over the back of the shoe—without a front slit. White wool embroidery circles naked organdie, left, outlining white scallops against bare skin—the rib-short bodice balances hip pants that end flush with the flat heel of the flat white shoe. Both, in St. Gall embroidery. Black-graphed-white wool jacket, white wool jumpsuit, right: Courrèges's clarifying first use of black makes his white look even whiter; the sleeveless jumpsuit goes straight as a plumb-line beneath the white-scalloped jacket, and heels to flat white shoes. Flat shoes by Courrèges.

BERT STERN

1

2

3

4

PARIS

hurrahs for
Cardin,
Laroche, Vaughan,
Dior, Balmain,
Patou, Lanvin,
Saint Laurent

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6

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12



Cardin's tent coat, right, takes off in a whirl of beige-and-grey plaid, all on the bias from little rolled neckline to wide rolled hem. Of Raimon wool ratine. Bonwit Teller. Stockings by Cardin. Carita coiffure.

Left: 1. The correct bloomer-suit of Guy Laroche—over-the-head coatdress in green-and-white wool plaid, slit over puffy green silk shantung bloomers. Besson wool.

2. From Cardin, a roll-collared raspberry-and-white plaid coat, widened with welted-V side seams. Of Lesur wool. Adaptation by Frank Gallant, at Lord & Taylor. Hat by Cardin.

3. Vaughan's squared coat—double-breasted, back-belted marigold wool; side, front, and back sections cut to precision to form a perfect tailor's shape. Nattier wool.

4. Dior's tabbed coat in heavy yellow melton—tabbed front, tabbed hip bands. Forneris wool. I. Magnin.

5. Balmain lets the pleats fly—navy-blue crêpe coatdress with a big white bow. Terylene wool. Roger Vivier Corfam shoes. Carita coiffure.

6. Patou's small square jacket, belted dress that scoots from a small top into unpressed pleats. Nattier green wool. At I. Magnin.

7. The shirtdress relaxed, by Cardin—zipped, belted, piqué'd white jersey with a front-folded skirt, rolled welting. Waumbec double-knitted Fortrel jersey. Beret by Cardin.

8. Silver caftan, bare midriff, green tights at night... and a diamanté belt, by Lanvin. Caftan of Hurel polyester and nylon. Charles Jourdan shoes. Coiffure by Carita.

9. Saint Laurent's tiny tunic-dress and giant motorcycle belt—zipped, ribbed black jersey belted in taupe suède. Of Racine wool.

10. From Laroche—navy-blue wool crêpe dinner dress banded in navy and white, back-pleated for swing. Staron crêpe. Coiffure by Carita.

11. Hurrah the shirttail-dress of Lanvin—coral wool with a slit hem rounded in front, squared in back; legs to match. Gérondeau wool. Charles Jourdan shoes.

12. Dior's feathered float, black organza and white-tipped black ostrich. I. Magnin. Carita coiffure.

BERT STERN

PARIS

turning up the lights... Cardin's blaze of spiral embroidery... hair that glows in the dark

Light rays, beaming the dazzle to one shoulder, one leg, one point—Cardin's incandescence, left, in a spiral of white and gold embroidery with one matching, dazzling stocking. Silk organza; Vermont embroidery. Stockings and shoes by Cardin. Schreiner earrings. Alexandre coiffure. *Opposite:* Lights on the new beauty environment happening in Paris now. Invented by Elrhodes, hairdresser to—among others—the dedicated innovators: a hair spray that glows in any measure of darkness—soft light, candlelight, twilight, moonlight—with a mysterious and discreet fluorescence. This light-up factor, invisible under brighter conditions—it switches on only when other lights dim. Developed in secret (a darkroom) during the past six months, Elrhodes' invention is so recent that we discovered it just as our Paris Collections report was en route to press.... Details about the hair spray? Can any woman get it? Wear it? We don't honestly know now. Meanwhile, Elrhodes' new coiffure dimensions are shown here....

BERT STERN


WILLIAM KLEIN


PARIS
The light-hearted
little suits
of Coco Chanel



She rips them all up at show time—refits, remakes, as though minutes were days. And pulls it off: the most feminine suits, sexy, gay, with perfect small shoulders and armholes—in the most perfect and precious materials and colourings. *Left,* navy-and-white braid roped around a gilt-buttoned navy jacket, wrapped skirt. Matching straw Breton. White shirt. White scarf held by pearls and gold. *Right,* the big zipper at Chanel: gilt outlined in metal sequins, holding a wide-collared navy jacket over a wrapped skirt. White blouse. White pearls. White hat.

HELMUT NEWTON

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The fuzzed meanings of the words "peace," "victory," and "truce," and the multiplying definitions of "Communism." . . . The spring itch among a splinter group of the young for something else to listen to, not pop, rock, or teeny-bop, certainly not folk, but possibly Rodgers and Hart. . . . The burst of fun of Peter Shaffer's *Black Comedy* on Broadway, and especially of Lynn Redgrave who looks as if she were made out of the same stuff as Barbie Dolls and plunges stare-eyed across the stage like a luscious adolescent infected with Groucho Marx's walk; and of Geraldine Page, crackling with relish as a mistress whose tortured lover calls his life with her "four years of nookie with Torquemada."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The movie of *How To Succeed in Business without Really Trying*, which is often really trying, but glints brightly when it plies its old-hat musical tricks against new glassy views of New York, and when Robert Morse, who this time resembles the funnypaper's Beetle Bailey, sings to himself his old stopper "I Believe In You" like a loony who has just found out he's Napoleon. . . . The exhibition in New York at M. Knoedler & Co., Inc., of "Unpainted Pictures" by the late German artist, Emil Nolde, who, when the Nazis forbade him to paint, feared the smell of oils would give him away and made instead these small, clandestine, deeply glowing watercolours; in 1942 he wrote, "To be artistically passive is an extremely difficult state for an artist to achieve. This is the moment when the spark starts to glow in the dark, when, if conditions are favourable, it develops into a soaring flame. If conditions are not favourable, all dreams and magic fade."

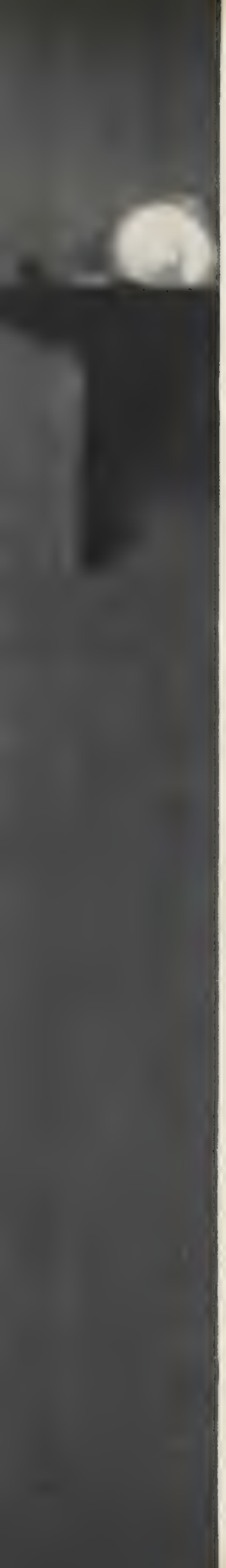
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The silly season of psychedelic everything; since few dictionaries mention what "psychedelic" means, the word slips loosely over anything too easy to be art, especially anything swimming in colours, like a sundae. . . . The Dahomey drink, Yourski, a shake-up of Scotch and African soda pop, which might have passed unnoticed if Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton had not shaken up Dahomey. . . . The overwhelming book *Disraeli*, by the English historian Robert Blake, who rattles on about the Victorians as if he were writing to chums about chums, and who ices his profound scholarliness with the fascinating details: at the start of Disraeli's famously close relationship with Queen Victoria, in which by both amusing and flattering her "Disraeli by-passed all the ordinary barriers," the Queen wrote to her eldest daughter of him when he first became Prime Minister. "The present Man will do well, and will be particularly loyal and anxious to please me in every way. He is vy. peculiar, but vy. clever and sensible and vy. conciliatory."

THE MYSTERY OF NUREYEV A Tartar in the woods. A faun on stage. A genius . . . if genius shows itself in muscle and bone. Looking like the genius of spring, Rudolf Nureyev was photographed, right, on a country day off on a farm outside of Vienna. For him, recently, and for his partner in splendour, Dame Margot Fonteyn, the French choreographer Roland Petit rallied up a new ballet, "Paradise Lost," to be performed this season in London at the Royal Opera House. His collaborators had practice in pitting their skills. Marius Constant for music, Martial Raysse for sets and costumes, and, for story, Jean Cau. Together with Roland Petit they struck success in Paris last year with the ballet "L'Éloge de la Folie." Old hands. They had fired, hammered, and sharpened each other before. The challenge now, their stars. Whacked by the quality of Nureyev, Jean Cau wrote: "Green-eyed archangel, tiger cat, lost child, bully. . . . I was watching Nureyev rehearse the other day. . . . He leaps. Can I be deaf? I am six feet away from him and I do not hear the floor sound under the thrust of his taking off. Nor do I hear the soft thud of slippers on wood as the archangel alights again. He leaps like a cat, really. I point this out for the aficionados. Watch the incredible lightness which means that neither ascent nor descent is accented. It is as if the earth became voluptuously elastic under Nureyev's slippers. The descent is not athletic but feline: the result, this matchless and airy grace. This, I believe, is one of the keys to the mystery of Nureyev."

KURT ZECHMEISTER—BLACK STAR







THREE FRIENDS OF PROUST

All living, their lives marked permanently by their friendship with the incomparable novelist

BY PHILIP KOLB

CÉLESTE ALBARET

In the eighteen years or so that I have known her, Céleste Albaret has scarcely changed in manner. In spite of a few grey hairs, she is still the person of unaffected dignity who speaks of Monsieur Proust as if he had died only recently. She still lives in the era when she waited night and day on the loved and revered master whose will was absolute law but who indulgently allowed her to have her way about running the affairs of "her" household. Although her education was slight and she has never read any of Proust's works, she senses somehow what a privilege it was for her to serve such an eccentric but distinguished man. She knows he relied entirely on her to take care of his valuable notebooks and to find whichever one of them he might need for his work.

Céleste was about twenty when World War I broke out, and Odilon Albaret, her husband, was called up to serve in the Army. That was when she became Proust's housekeeper. Proust taught her to be exact in transmitting his telephone messages and to forget nothing that was said in such conversations. To thank her for waiting up when he went out in the evening, he would entertain her on returning home with stories of his soirées. He, in turn, took delight in listening to her character judgments and the imitations she gave of his friends, not always without malice.

Coming from the Auvergne mountains, as Odilon did, Céleste always retained a kind of mountaineer's independence and a disdain of materialism, an attitude that transcended her modest background. When Princesse Soutzo wished to say that an apartment Proust contemplated renting for himself was too expensive, she would caustically remark that the rent was exorbitant "even for Céleste."

An unpublished letter Proust addressed to his personal physician gives an interesting sidelight on Céleste's character. He wrote to Dr. Bize asking him to give Céleste a medical examination, saying he was concerned about her. One of many things that worried him was a sharp pain she had in her ankle, which occasionally became swollen. Céleste thought it was rheumatism, he went on, but he wondered whether it might not be tuberculosis of the joints. Then he added: "Perhaps I exaggerate all this because she has a kind of neuroticism which makes her indulge herself in analyzing and amplifying her slightest sensations. Even though I know this, I fall for it every time, that is to say, twenty times a day, when she comes to tell me she has the most terrible illnesses which are cured five minutes afterward."

What Proust really thought of Céleste is best expressed in the words he inscribed in a copy of *Le Côté de Guermantes*. He presented it to her in 1921, about eighteen months before he died, a volume she still treasures. "To my dear Céleste, to my faithful friend of eight years, but in reality so united to my thought that it would be more truthful if I called her my friend of always, since I can no longer imagine that I haven't always known her, knowing her spoiled-child past in her caprices of today; to Céleste, *croix de guerre*, for she endured the bomber planes and the Big Bertha bombardment; to Céleste who endured the cross of my ill nature; to Céleste, *croix d'Honneur*. Her friend, Marcel."

CÉLESTE ALBARET, PROUST'S HOUSEKEEPER

Tall, beautiful, stately, at twenty-seven Céleste Albaret became the original of the "beautiful Françoise," the housekeeper in Marcel Proust's masterpiece, Remembrance of Things Past. *In 1913 she married Odilon Albaret, Proust's chauffeur,* right, *and remained with Proust until his death in 1922. In* Proust, *George D. Painter wrote: ". . . she lived with him, fed, nursed, and comforted him, taking the place of the young mother of his infancy. On the first Sunday of their life together she had dressed to go to Mass. 'Where are you going, how can you leave me all alone?' he had cried; 'my dear Céleste, surely the good Lord is as likely to send you to heaven for nursing a sick man as for deserting him to go to Mass!' And Céleste never went to Mass again while Monsieur was alive."*



CECIL BEATON



THREE FRIENDS OF PROUST

JACQUES POREL

The setting for my first meeting with Jacques Porel was in a beautiful apartment on the arcaded rue de Rivoli, overlooking the magnificent Tuileries Gardens—the grass was a velvety green—with a corner of the Louvre Palace on the left and the Seine in the background. The guests made up a truly Proustian gathering. The hostess, Madame Bounin—a lady refreshingly forthright—was the daughter of Mary Finaly, whom George D. Painter has immortalized in his biography of Proust, telling how young Marcel paid court to the pretty heiress one summer at her parents' country place at Trouville on the Channel coast.

Today Jacques Porel is a man of distinguished appearance whose wit and culture—he quotes Shakespeare by the yard—bespeak the fact that he was brought up among the celebrities of Parisian society. His mother, Madame Réjane, was one of the great actresses of her day, Sarah Bernhardt's chief rival. Among her triumphs were the leading rôles in adaptations from the novels of Zola and the Goncourt brothers.

Proust made Porel's acquaintance during World War I. Porel, gassed at the front, was recovering. In those days, he must have given the impression of being fidgety or flighty (possibly because of his ill health and release from military service). Whatever the reason, Céleste used to refer to him as "Porel le léger." In 1919, when Proust was forced to leave his old apartment, he accepted temporary residence in the building owned by Madame Réjane. During the four months they lived under the same roof, at 8 *bis*, rue Laurent-Pichat, Porel paid frequent calls on him. It speaks well for Proust's character that he remained on excellent terms with his proprietress and her son, since Proust found the apartment anything but satisfactory and the rent exceedingly high. He called it "the house made of paper" and complained that he could not sleep because one heard every sound in the building. Yet there is not a hint of complaint in his letters to Porel, in which he referred to such matters only in humorous terms.

Proust wrote one such letter to amuse Jacques Porel with an account of the goings-on that he overheard through the flimsy partition separating him from the next apartment. He claimed that his neighbours made violent love every other day "with a frenzy that makes me jealous." He confessed that "for me such a sensation is feebler than my desire to drink a glass of chilled beer" and admitted he envied people who could utter sounds so piercing that the first time he heard them he thought someone was being murdered.

"But very soon the woman's shrieks, answered an octave lower by the man's, reassured me as to what was happening." Proust went on to speculate about how far these sounds would be audible, estimating that it must have been possible to hear the bellowing at a distance as great as that of the amorous whales described by Michelet "surging up like the two towers of Notre-Dame Cathedral." Proust was concerned lest Madame Réjane suppose that the racket might be coming from his apartment, and he begged Porel to reassure her, because, he wrote, he had neither a mistress nor a piano and entertained intimate relations only with asthma.



JACQUES POREL, "SON OF THE GREAT RÉJANE"

Jacques Porel, whose mother, Réjane, the celebrated actress, supreme in comedy, became with Sarah Bernhardt the original of the actress Berma in Remembrance of Things Past, *lived for about four months in the same building, his mother's house, as Proust, who complained interminably and then put his complaints into his great novel. In 1918 Proust said to Porel, then just married: "I fear for you, when I see you preparing to advance into life, so young, with this marvellous burden on your arm."*

CECIL BEATON

THREE FRIENDS OF PROUST

PRINCESSE MARTHE BIBESCO

One day at the Opéra, in the early 1900's, Prince Antoine Bibesco pointed out a pretty blond girl in her teens, identifying her as his cousin, Princesse Marthe Bibesco. Proust could hardly believe she was old enough to be married. Not long afterwards, Princesse Marthe was at work writing her studies and her novels. The same young woman who had spent her day studiously working at the Bibliothèque Nationale perhaps that very evening would cut a striking figure at some brilliant Paris soirée.

Most of Proust's letters to her that have been preserved were written to thank her and praise her for one of those books. One letter not yet published thanks her for a copy of *Une Fille de Napoléon,* in which the Princesse presents the memoirs of her husband's grandmother, Emilie de Pellapra.

In her Introduction she enumerates certain pieces of historic jewellery given to her husband's ancestor by Napoleon and handed down from one generation to the next, until the Princesse received them as a wedding gift from her mother-in-law. Proust remarked, in his letter, that he was too unobserving to have noticed the jewellery, if the Princesse had been wearing it the last time he saw her. And he made a feeble attempt to be gallant: "I had perhaps as my excuse that I was too fascinated by your beauty to notice anything else." Late one evening after the theatre, Princesse Marthe accompanied Prince Antoine Bibesco and his wife (the former Elizabeth Asquith) to Proust's apartment. There Céleste, expressing Proust's apologies for being too ill to receive them, said: "Monsieur is very much afraid of the scent of princesses."

Today the Princesse is keenly alert, informed about all that goes on in the world of politics, art, literature, and society, and has not ceased to be active, writing articles and books just as in the old days when Proust smothered her with compliments.

One of the recent books on Proust is *Le Côté de Vinteuil* by Louis de Beauchamp, published in Paris. To celebrate its publication, Comte de Beauchamp invited me to have lunch with Princesse Marthe and his mother, Comtesse de Beauchamp, at the Ritz. We sat at "Proust's table" in the corner where Proust had sought to escape drafts, while the Princesse evoked memories of her last meeting with him in that same place.

PRINCESSE BIBESCO: "FASCINATED BY YOUR BEAUTY"

The incomparable Princesse Marthe Bibesco with her vigilant intelligence and her rare beauty as a young woman was first seen by Proust at a ball, when she was seventeen. She was linked through her husband's family and her own to Montesquiou, Guiche, Madame Greffulhe, and "half the noble Faubourg," many of whom were transformed in one way or another into Proust's vast memoir. In 1905, wrote George Painter, Princesse Marthe Bibesco was an "astonishingly young tree-nymph from Roumania, with her violet-green eyes and talent budding into power . . . a reigning beauty and a genius."



CECIL BEATON




NORELL
PERFECTION EVERY DAY...IN THE LIFT OF WIDE SHAPED BELTS OVER FULLNESS...IN ONE-BUTTON JACKETS OF CHECKERBOARD WOOL...SKIRTS WITH A NEW KIND OF SPRING

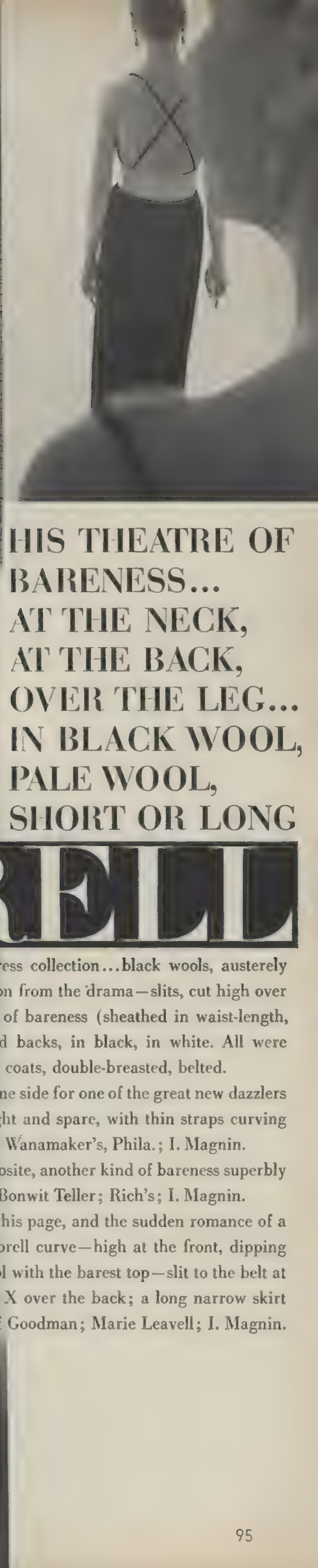
Norell sees spring through his infallible eye for tailoring, colourings, cloths.... Seen here in his new suits, dresses, all as wearable, as cleanly shaped, as pearls. The Norell tent, belted, left—white silk crêpe, a dress all flow and purity from the close little turnover collar to the crush of a wide belt that lifts to a high waist at the front, curves down for a beautiful elongating line at the back. All the crush, released to a great whirl of skirt. Sleeves, long and easy. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Rich's; I. Magnin. Checkerboard jacket, right and below, of navy-and-red wool, one button only at the waist. With a skirt of navy wool, slightly flared, eased over the hipbones by ingenious clusters of darts. Simplest overblouse of white jersey with a soft turtleneck. At Lord & Taylor; Stanley Korshak; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin.



BERT STERN







HIS THEATRE OF BARENESS...
AT THE NECK,
AT THE BACK,
OVER THE LEG...
IN BLACK WOOL,
PALE WOOL,
SHORT OR LONG

NORELL

Standouts of his perfect little wool dress collection...black wools, austerely shaped, with not one shred of distraction from the drama—slits, cut high over the legs for a discreetly alluring flash of bareness (sheathed in waist-length, clear-toned stockings). Beautiful bared backs, in black, in white. All were shown under wonderful Roman-striped coats, double-breasted, belted.

The long slit, opposite, slashed high at one side for one of the great new dazzlers—Norell's short black wool shift, straight and spare, with thin straps curving over bare shoulders. At Evelyn Byrnes; Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin.

A low U-back, halfway off the page opposite, another kind of bareness superbly cut in a Norell dress of white wool. At Bonwit Teller; Rich's; I. Magnin.

Long black, front slit, shown twice on this page, and the sudden romance of a pale-blue satin belt shaped with the Norell curve—high at the front, dipping lower at the back. The dress, black wool with the barest top—slit to the belt at the front, nothing but little straps that X over the back; a long narrow skirt with high centre-front slit. At Bergdorf Goodman; Marie Leavell; I. Magnin.

BERT STERN

THE NEW



It's a whole new suit proportion...a small jacket, narrow over the shoulders, narrow under the arms, chopped short, often falling away from the body a little at the back... and an important skirt, really big and bouncing and full—full of dirndl gathers, pleats, panels....Worn with the slick of a wider belt. The easy action of an un-weighty fabric....Might be a skirt and jacket. Might be a dress, or a two-piece dress, and jacket. Either way, it's younger, gayer, breezier than any suit we've seen in years. Checked shape, the big-wheel skirt, left. A small jacket, narrow around the sleeves and shoulders, and a dirndl skirt with great fullness springing from a brown leather belt, 3½ inches wide. By Barberini, of brown, beige, and white checked cotton, with a brown linen blouse (Woolman fabric). About $80. Jack Gilbert earrings. Both at Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hudson tights. Natural baku cloche by Adolfo. Orange Tattersall checks, right, with a white belt over the small, shaped fly-front jacket. Crisp shirt collar, sleeves slit at the wrists. Wide skirt with a full front panel, wrist-deep slit pockets at sides. By Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby, of Fibranne (Forum Fabrics). About $250. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Ruza Creations bracelets. Hat: Anello for Emme.

SUIT SHAPE

SMALL JACKET ... BIG IMPORTANT SKIRT

PENN

NEW SUIT SHAPE

SMALL TOP, BIG SKIRT



The little safari, left, with a touch of the bush about it—a jacket shrunken up to waist length, with buttoned pocket flaps. Over a dress with wide full skirt, deep unpressed box pleat, more flapped pockets. By Originala, of crisp lightweight Fibranne, in pale sky-blue. K.J.L. earrings. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Suit: Jordan Marsh, Boston; Rich's; Montaldo's. Capri bracelets, at Altman's. Diagonal closings, right, on a short jacket with a straight fall to the back, over a dress with a wide, diagonally-wrapped skirt. By Originala, of white Fibranne, with brown buttons. About $250. At Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros.; Gidding-Jenny. Pakula earrings, at Altman's. Smith St. Jacques bracelets. Both suits, also at Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. On both pages: Roman Stripe stockings. Adolfo hats. Julianelli orange shoes, at Lord & Taylor.

NEW SUIT SHAPE

SMALL TOP, BIG SKIRT



New-suit checks, left, olive and spruce greens, claret, black, cleaned up with white. Little shrunken-up jacket, and the important wide skirt with a deep pleat, two pockets (extra bonus to these wider skirts—the way they lend themselves to pockets). The wide belt and buttons, of shiny marron leather. A wool mark suit, with matching tweed blouse: Jack Sarnoff designed by Molly, of Linton wool tweed. Necklace by K.J.L. Bracelets by Cadoro and K.J.L. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit, also at Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny. Bali fedora by Anello for Emme. The pantie stockings, by Hudson. Small jacket, big-wheel skirt biased, right. Black-and-white pen-line plaid in cotton for this suit—a chopped top with great little collar, high pocket flaps; a skirt, bias and full, with a deep centre pleat. With a sleeveless blouse of white tucked cotton. The white leather belt we added—a black patent belt comes with it. By Christian Mann for Marquise, of Ducharne cotton; about $160. Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. Adolfo hat. Orlon-and-nylon knee socks by Bonnie Doon. Julianelli shoes: Lord & Taylor.

PENN

NEW SUIT
SHAPE

SMALL TOP, BIG SKIRT

PENN



Short-sleeved jacket, panelled-out skirt, left—a suit with a new fresh bounce. Chopped jacket with rounded raglan shoulders and a swing of fullness in back; a skirt—attached to a dress—front-panelled like that of a sidesaddle habit. Of pale-beige Fibranne. Suit by Originala; about $250. At Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Gidding-Jenny. Watch by Schiaparelli. Both pages; Julianelli shoes of white Corfam. Overplaid, dirndlish, right, a dress with wide gathered skirt, topped by a short squared-off jacket, briefly sleeved. Both, of light firm grey wool with a chalk-white overplaid. By Originala; about $250. Judith Leiber handbag. Both at Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at Julius Garfinckel; L.S. Ayres. Laguna earrings. Omega watch. Both suits, also at Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Crocheted white nylon knee socks, on both pages, by Adler. Both hats: Adolfo.

NEW SUIT
SHAPE

SMALL TOP, BIG SKIRT

Windowpane checks, near right, of black-and-white cotton—a cropped jacket with bias collar and band at the waist, over a belted dress with sleeveless top, full skirt with deep pleats at front and sides. By Frechtel, of Durene cotton (Chantilly fabric). About $185. Bagatelle handbag. All, at Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Hanes stockings. Hat by Adolfo. Sharp hound's-teeth, centre right, big and black and white, for a cotton suit with a small double-breasted jacket, a sloped-out dirndl skirt. Bardley by Abbe Rabiner; about $70. Majorica necklaces. All, at Lord & Taylor. Suit, also Halle Bros.; Jacobson's, Michigan; I. Magnin. Bagatelle handbag. Hanes stockings. White planter hat by Adolfo. New shape in beige, far right—a small short-sleeved jacket over a dress with low V-neck, a skirt with gathers, a wide crushed suède belt. Beige rayon and acetate, with linen looks. Suit by Murray Nieman for Hannah Troy, of William Rose fabric; about $190. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Woodward & Lothrop; L. S. Ayres. Christian Dior stockings. Beige bali hat by Anello for Emme. Both pages: Julianelli shoes, at Lord & Taylor. Gloves by Hansen.

PENN



NEW SUIT SHAPE SMALL TOP, BIG SKIRT

A diagonal side-closing, left, for the small double-breasted jacket of a new-shaped suit of beige rayon. The skirt, a dirndl with stitched seams down the sides to underline its new width. By Seymour Fox, of Moreau-TSM fabric. K. J. L. earrings. Both, at Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. Wristwatch by Endura. Van Raalte gloves. Hanes stockings. Small flyaway jacket, centre, standing out and away at the back, over a sleeveless dress with dirndl skirt and patch pockets. White belt, white buttons down the front and on the wrists. By Originala, of crisp, airy-woven Fibranne in navy crossed with white. Judith Leiber handbag. Both at Bonwit Teller. Suit: Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Royal of Pittsburgh earrings. Cadoro ring. Hudson knee socks. Julianelli shoes, at Lord & Taylor. Square-cut with one button, far right, the jacket of this suit woven in a gold-and-white checked pattern. Over a sleeveless dress with high neck, full skirt, white leather belt. By Matlin, of wool and Fibranne (Pierre Godart-TSM fabric). Greta handbag. Earrings and Chinese puzzle bracelets by K.J.L. All at Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Hanes stockings. Walking shoes of Corfam by Julianelli, at Lord & Taylor. Both pages: Adolfo hats.





Dot dot dot dash, *left*—white-bright sunglasses outcircling summer glare. Plastic headband designed by Halston, executed by Oliver Goldsmith for the Bergdorf Goodman Boutique. $40. Cow-puncher stones—way-out-West colour punched through wide white wristlets. By Ruza Creations; one in leather, one in patent. About $6, each. Altman's; Bullock's Downtown. Candy-striping it up—gold-and-white cotton tie and shirt. By Gregory. About $14. Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; I. Magnin. *Right:* The living doll here, Jill Haworth, is loaded—with colour: big bright stones embedded in clear plastic domes circled by one colour, squared by another. Enamel plaques by Sant Angelo for Vendôme. Two, as earrings, about $6; six, as bracelet, about $13. At Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz. Red jump-over-white. Dress by Edie Gladstone for Deebs; rayon crêpe. About $60. Altman's; Higbee; J. W. Robinson. Coiffures, these six pages, by Kenneth, Suga, and Maury of the Kenneth Salon.

new accessories in colour **the entertainers**

Colour takes shape and shape takes the scene—the entertainers on these six pages: flash-jewels embedded in clear plastic, silver vinyl hipped on bare hips, cow-puncher stones studding wristlets, silvery bags hung up on long silvery chains, shrunken-up Shetlands almost smaller than you . . . led off by Jill Haworth, **opposite,** ***one of*** **Cabaret's** ***entertainers, and quite a colourful little shape herself.***

BERT STERN



That sweater, *left:* the biggest thing around Jax, narrowest thing around you. $25. White mini-skirt—nautical panels giving vent to two pleats. Sloat; Moygashel linen. $30. Saks Fifth Avenue. Earring colour embedded in clear plastic—squared by more colour. Sant Angelo for Vendôme. $6. Saks Fifth Avenue. Cuffed links—blue and white. Castlecliff. $6. Lord & Taylor. No-slouch pouch—a purse for everything. From Lederer; violet reversed calf. $30. Pink legs. Belle-Sharmeer; Antron nylon. $2. At Lord & Taylor. White feet. Golo's flat-out patent leather shoe. $16.

Wool turtleneck, *left*—the Jax-skinniest. $25. Thighling dirndl skirt, chrome and corded—for even more bounce. Sloat; Anglo wool. $60. Bergdorf Goodman. Bead it, cube it—tri-colour earring. Vendôme. $5. Altman's. Brown picture-frame links, pictured here as a bracelet. Jack Gilbert. $15. Going great circles—yellow link belt. Saint Laurent for Colony. $10. Both, Lord & Taylor. All fingers—white golf glove. Hansen gloves; Du Pont nylon. $5. Stern Brothers. Green turtle handbag on a long leash. Walter Katten. $96. Henri Bendel. Two on a skirt match. Bonnie Doon knee socks; Durene cotton, Tycora. $1.50. Lord & Taylor.

the entertainers

And again, *above*, the Jax turtleneck. $25. Sailor-skirt, mini-white buttoned in brass. By Happiness, in linen and rayon. $12. Lord & Taylor. Bright brown, bright colour—great square earring. Jack Gilbert. $10. Lord & Taylor. More bright brown—the new jewellery colour: saddle-girth bracelet. Ruza Creations. $6. Altman's. Brown flap-end satchel. From Jacomo; reversed calf. $90. Square finger mini-gloves. Sant Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb, in cotton. $5. Bloomingdale's. Clocked hose: white knee socks with big black watch stripe—the big white leg watch is rimmed in red. Bonnie Doon socks; Orlon and stretch nylon. $2. Old England watch. About $20. Bloomingdale's; Joseph Magnin. Flatting it—brassy little white loafer. Golo, in patent leather. $16.

Little-you Shetland, *above*, for a brief change. By Pringle, in wheat wool. About $12. Bonwit Teller. And just as little skirt—a Tattersall dirndl. Sloat; Kent Avery wool. About $35. Bergdorf Goodman; Halle Bros. Circled here: colour-dome earring. Trifari. $4. Altman's. Linked leather, linked gilt—beige hair-calf belt. Saint Laurent for Colony. $10. Lord & Taylor. Something to watch for—orange-face clock fobbed by green suède. Old England. About $12. Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop. What counts now—brown, for six gilt-dotted bangles. K. J. L. $25 each. Lord & Taylor. In hand: shining marron leather bucket bag. Hermès. $70. Bonwit Teller. And *dark* shining marron—little patent leather gusset bag. Judith Leiber. $85. Henri Bendel. On shoulder: Burgundy wine and turtle—arm-circling bag. Walter Katten. $96. Henri Bendel. Silvery linked brown cowhide on a short strap. Susan Gail. $30. Lord & Taylor. Crisscross ribbing—grey cotton lisle knee socks. Dior-Paris. Red-pompon pumps, squared away in pale-beige suède. Golo. About $17.

BERT STERN

Lie-low silver vinyl skirt, *left*. By V de V; to order at Bob Bugnand Boutique. $32. The most hip belt—clear vinyl studded with Diamond Gulch stones. By Ben King. $27. Lord & Taylor. Bagged in the night—a chain gang of glitter: silvery mesh envelope hung up on rhinestones. By Bagatelle. $28. Gold lamé tethered by rhinestone links. By Kenneth Lane. $110. Fake gold, fake lizard—a strapping little round pouch. By Coblentz; Comark vinyl. $36. Silver, beaded and oval—the twist here is silver chain beads. By Walborg. $9. All handbags, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Shrunken-up Shetland, *above*, stopping short of the waist—you're on your own for a few inches. Wool pull by Peter Blance. About $14. Bloomingdale's; available April 1. Belting out at the hips over white mini-pleats—white leather discs, silvery links. Belt by Elegant. $8. Altman's. Skirt by Happiness; rayon and linen. $14. Lord & Taylor. Colour-dome rings—two colours held by a silvery band. Smith St. Jacques. $10 each. Henri Bendel. Going over small, *right above:* ribbed wool turtleneck pull. From Jax. $25. Round enamel earring—wedge of red darting into yellow. Trifari. $4. Altman's. Sunny-dial watch—big yellow face rimmed with magenta, banded in purple. Watch by Old England. About $16. At Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Coral lace trousers, *right below*, cavorting beneath chalk-blue. Jacketed cotton-and-nylon pyjamas by Donald Brooks; McConnell laces. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. What all the cavorting's about: coil upon coil of beaded anklets. Four by K. J. L. $20, each. Circling right—far-out anklet and toe-rings. By Jack Gilbert; coral and gilt beads. Rings, $5, each. Anklet, $150. All, Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz.

the entertainers

BERT STERN

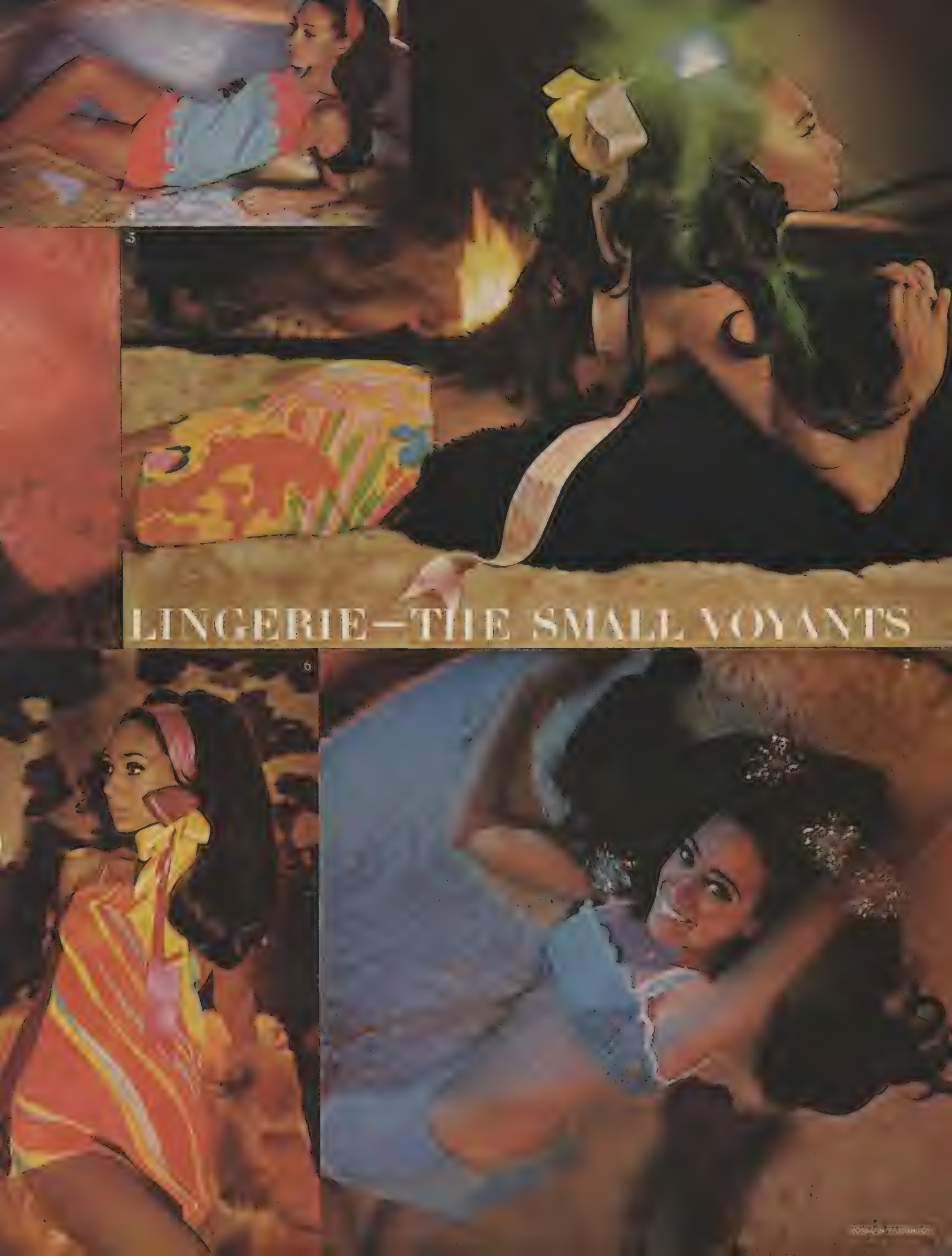


1

2

3

Small and wild. Colours flashing. Lights playing. New under-fashions with a pulse-beat of brilliance, with the crisp cool of spring fabrics.... 1. Under-bikini, the wildest way—lilies, tropical leaves, wild animals, printed in all colours on cotton dotted swiss. By Lynne Greene for Kaleidoscope. Brassière, $5; pants, $3.50. At Lord & Taylor. 2. Small under-wired brassière, a short petticoat, both of red nylon tricot, a wide black hem. By Pauline Trigère for the Formfit Rogers Designers Collection. Brassière, $10; slip, $7. At Bonwit Teller. Mary Carmen earrings. 3. Rays of colour, dotted streaks—a mini-brassière and mini-slip of Dacron and cotton voile, printed in mostly pink, red, blue. By Lynne Greene for Kaleidoscope. Brassière, $5; slip, $6. At Lord & Taylor. 4. Strong move in colours—a chemise of brilliant turquoise, scalloped in orange; all nylon tricot. By Deanna Littell for Warner's, of Antron nylon. $22 at Altman's. 5. Glaring voile in a print of sun colours, for a tiny petticoat. By Trillium, of Soptra cotton voile. $5 at Altman's; Neiman-Marcus. 6. Curving swirls of spotlight colours—orange, yellow, pink, blue—for a brief chemise with cuffed top, string straps. By Lynne Greene for Kaleidoscope, of Dacron and cotton voile. $8 at Lord & Taylor; Carson Pirie Scott. 7. For sleeping—a top and short pyjama pants of China-blue and white Dacron and cotton, with white scalloped lace on both. By Villager; each, $6 at Bonwit Teller. Mary Carmen hair ornaments. All, photographed at the house of Jacques Kaplan. All coiffures by Maury of Kenneth.


5
LINGERIE—THE SMALL VOYANTS
6
NORMAN PARKINSON

INSTANT SPRING—

A CLEAR DAY'S DRESSES



Dresses with a new outlook, like the quick flip of a calendar page. Bright or black, shirty or cutout, the looks—to have now for spring or faraway sun—start right here. Black for bare shoulders, left. From a narrow little top with standing collar and cut-in armholes, a slope to width at the skirt—charming shape for a black linen dress with buttons down the front, a shiny belt, low pockets. By Geoffrey Beene, of Moreau-TSM fabric; about $160. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Gus Mayer; Frost Bros. Earrings: Maison de Fou. Bracelets: Jack Gilbert and Accessocraft. Ring: Accessocraft. Paisley shirtdress, right, in vermilion and white silk with a small collar that folds over shirring, a fly front, long cuffed sleeves. By Dominic for Matty Talmack; Chardon-Marché fabric, print by Julian Tomchin. At Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings by Michael Hic, at Lord & Taylor. Link bracelet by Smith St. Jacques, at Bonwit Teller. The gilt bead bracelets by Sant Angelo, at Henri Bendel. Both of the coiffures, by Suga of Kenneth.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



INSTANT SPRING—
CLEAR LATE-DAY COLOURS

Quick flow of pink, opposite, for small evenings—a crêpe dress with a collar that forms a hood, rhinestone buttons at the neck. By William Pearson, of Avisco acetate and rayon (Bloomsburg Fabrics). About $100. At Sara Fredericks; Carson Pirie Scott; I. Magnin. Michael Hic jewellery, at Henri Bendel. Hudson stockings.

Rosy smock dress, left, of double silk organza. Rounded collar, high yoke, straight floatiness. Glitter buttons at neck, cuffs. By Mam'selle Boutique; junior sizes; about $45. At Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Bramson. Atelier Nina earrings: Henri Bendel. Regina ring. Mary Grey stockings. Evins shoes.

Sunflower, above, a glowing shade of silk crêpe. Twisted halter top, bare shoulders, kite-shaped skirt that billows at the back. By Robert Morton, of Onondaga crêpe; about $125. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Bright pink jewellery by Michael Hic, at Lord & Taylor.

Crêpe basis for day into night, lower left, a pale-green dress with an easy tent shape, slashed across the shoulders, fastened by rhinestones. By William Pearson, of Avisco acetate and rayon (Bloomsburg Fabrics). About $90 at Sara Fredericks; Carson Pirie Scott; Bullock's, Downtown. Michael Hic earrings, at Lord & Taylor. K.J.L. ring. Coiffures, both pages: Suga of Kenneth.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



INSTANT SPRING— NEW PLOT OF PRINTS

Split print, left—an amusing dress idea for a good-humoured day: one side, geometric snowflakes in black and white; other side, vertical stripes in two shades of bright pink tied with a sash. By Jobère, of silk surah; about $125. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer; Battelstein's. Earrings by Vendôme. The rings by Cadoro and Maison de Fou. Turning over new leaves, right—big bright ones scrolled on silk in red, white, and blue. A great spring start of a dress with high collar, high yoke, banded sleeves. By Frank Adams for Junior Accent, of Onondaga fabric; about $50. Lord & Taylor; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin. Napier earrings, at Lord & Taylor. Bracelets by Sant Angelo: Henri Bendel. Both coiffures, by Suga of Kenneth.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI





THE NONSTOP DRESS WITH THE SHORT-STOP JACKET

They go to lunch. They go to dinner. They go go go. all year round, with their own tiny bolero-jackets to cover them up—two little nonstopping wool dresses designed by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. Bi-colour wool crêpe, opposite: oyster banded in black at the hem, high black bodice V'd in oyster. Takes cover—small photograph—under a smidge of black bolero. A wool mark costume in Anglo crêpe. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz; Liberty House, Hawaii. Marvella earrings. Lady Exeter stockings. Gloves by Shalimar. Short and swingy, this page: navy jersey with a V'd, chalk-embroidered yoke, little puff-sleeved bolero to match. A wool mark costume in Meyer-Goutille jersey. Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Stanley Korshak; Joseph Magnin. Shalimar gloves: Bloomingdale's. Richelieu earrings. Tights to order: Capezio. Both pages: Julianelli shoes, Lord & Taylor. Coiffures by Ara Gallant. Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.

BERT STERN



VOGUE PATTERN 7048

PENATI



REAL-LIVE PAPER DOLLS— GOLD AND SILVER

VOGUE PATTERN 7074

Vogue Patterns

Look what's cooking in foil—two tinsel-bright paper turnouts for evenings at home, in gold and silver puff-quilted foil that rustles when you move. Harem pyjamas, opposite, in quilted gold foil—narrow sleeves, puffed-up pants...and coils of foil in the hair. Vogue Pattern 7018. Stockings, by Prestige. Mademoiselle shoes. Perfect foil for pretty legs, this page: short-cropped pants and a V'd, slit-sleeved tunic of quilted silver foil. Vogue Pattern 7074. Saks Fifth Avenue shoes. Ariadne stockings. Both costumes of Dazian foil, at Dazian. Coiffures: Ara Gallant: Marshall Imports hairpieces. Pattern details on page 46.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT FAT: PLUS THE

Even if fat is called obesity, everyone knows what it is. What everyone does not know is what to do about it, *sensibly*. (Alan Kekwick, Professor of Medicine, London University, said: "Obesity is just lean body mass with fat added to it.") Every year, a couple of million Americans lose about a million tons of flab. Most of them eat it right on again. To prevent that, here is what some medical experts think about people who are ten to twenty pounds overweight, but not ballooning fat.

"Married women do better at losing pounds and keeping them off than single women. Older people do better than young ones. The longer the fat has been on, the less successful the dieter." Dr. George Christakis, Associate Professor of Community Medicine (Nutrition) and Assistant Dean of the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, New York.

Without a fad diet, but with a doctor's supervision, it is reasonably easy to be well fed and still lose about ten pounds a month or two-and-a-half a week. If strongly motivated, a dieter can stay comfortably on a reducing diet for about two months—but on a maintenance diet forever. *Note:* Such reducing diets call for about 1,000 to 1,200 calories a day for women, and about 1,600 for men.

"BOREDOM IS THE PERENNIAL MURDERER OF DIETING." A PSYCHIATRIST IN CHICAGO

***Dr. Alvan R. Feinstein, Associate Professor of Medicine, Yale University School of Medicine and Chief of the Division of Clinical Biostatistics, author of the new medical book* Clinical Judgment: "*A definite 'diet' is not always necessary. Calories can be cut by reducing all food in proportion or by cutting certain foods drastically. Diet, if you want, with a program written down by your doctor. Any logical program or diet will do for a time. But in time all diets fail for one main reason: the dieters do not keep on the diet.*"**

Fad diets usually cut out cereals, bread, and potatoes, rich sources of the B vitamins and rich sources of carbohydrate vital to a reducing diet. The body has a limited ability to store carbohydrate. A carbohydrate reserve is always *required by the liver to meet the body's energy needs.*

Dr. Christakis: "Motivation is the first trick in getting started dieting. Calories taken in must equal the calories expended for maintenance, but fewer calories, even two hundred fewer calories a day, will result in some loss. *Note:* A person eating a level teaspoonful of butter consumes enough calories to bring two-and-a-half pints of room-temperature water to a boil. There is *no* miracle food. We need about fifty food elements called nutrients. No one food contains all the nutrients in the required amounts. To get the nutrients you need in a reducing diet, you must eat a *wide* variety of foods."

Dr. Jules Hirsch, Associate Professor at Rockefeller University and physician at Rockefeller Hospital, New York: "Obesity is an aggravating factor in many diseases. Each of us has about 100,000 calories in a fat deposit, the adipose-tissue depot. Most of us eat about a million calories a year; the number of unneeded or extra calories may be just a small increment."

Dr. Myron L. Glucksman, Clinical Instructor in Psychiatry, Cornell University Medical College, Consultant to the Rockefeller Hospital: "There are diverse personality types among obese individuals. For some, obesity plays a central rôle in their self-concept and interpersonal relationships. For these individuals, weight loss without psychiatric supervision may be dangerous, as it may threaten an already tenuous adaptation to life."

"PEOPLE TODAY ARE PRISONERS OF A CULTURAL WORSHIP OF THINNESS." DR. FEINSTEIN.

"Because dieting is a type of negative therapy, dieting is especially difficult and needs the support of the dieter's doctor and family."

Myths in reducing. Any diet that starts off with the word "magic" is almost always medically nonsense. So is any diet that forbids a whole category of foods—all carbohydrates, all sugars. Any diet that depends on ignorance—i.e., a diet that suggests that grapefruit acts as a catalyst to start the fat-burning process. (Note: *Grapefruit is a good diet fruit, plenty of vitamin C and only fifty calories for a whole medium-sized one.) A diet that mysteriously announces that after a few days there will be a sudden drop of four or five pounds. There well may be—but it is chiefly fluid that may return. Any diet that lets you have double helpings (twice as many calories) is faddy.*

"Exercise during dieting helps tone muscles and increases the blood supply to many vital organs and tissues. And, exercise burns up calories that might otherwise be stored as fat in the body." From* Obesity *by Dr. Christakis and Robert K. Plumb, who is director of Nutrition Education for the Nutrition Foundation.

BY ALLENE TALMEY

COMMON-SENSE DIET

Suggested menu plan for approximately 1,200 calories a day

BREAKFAST

1 HIGH VITAMIN C FRUIT FROM THIS CHOICE:

- orange, grapefruit, tangerine
- 4 oz. of juice of above fruits separately or in combination
- 8 oz. tomato juice
- cantaloupe, strawberries *(good but seasonal)*

1 PROTEIN FOOD:

- 1 egg *(not more than 6 per week)*
- 2 oz. fish
- 2 oz. cottage cheese
- 1 oz. hard cheese *(but only 4 oz. hard cheese a week)*

1 OF THESE:

- 1 slice bread
- ½ English muffin
- ½ cup cooked cereal or
- 1 cup dry cereal, with 4 oz. skim milk

COFFEE, SKIM MILK, OR TEA

LUNCHEON

1 OF THESE:

- 2-3 oz. fish *(canned or fresh)*
- 2-3 oz. lean meat
- 2-3 oz. lean poultry
- 4 oz. cottage cheese
- 1 egg *(if not eaten at breakfast)*

1 SLICE OF BREAD

1 RAW FRUIT

PLUS

ALL YOU WANT OF THESE VEGETABLES, COOKED OR RAW:

artichokes	celery	leeks	radishes
asparagus	chicory	lettuce	spinach
beet greens	cucumbers	mushrooms	string beans
carrots	endive	onions	summer squash
cabbage	escarole	peppers	tomatoes
cauliflower	kale	pumpkin	turnips
			watercress

COFFEE, SKIM MILK, OR TEA

DINNER

1 OF THESE:

- 4 oz. fish
- 4 oz. lean meat
- 4 oz. lean poultry

½ CUP OF ANY OF THESE VEGETABLES OR CEREALS:

spaghetti	rice	green lima beans
noodles	corn	green peas
		potatoes

1 PORTION OF COOKED VEGETABLE, ANY FROM THE LUNCHEON LIST

1 SALAD MADE OF RAW VEGETABLES FROM THE LUNCHEON LIST

1 RAW FRUIT

COFFEE, SKIM MILK, OR TEA

Adapted from the City of New York Department of Health diet.

NOTE: 1. Every day drink 2 cups of skim milk, but no more.
2. No gravies or sauces except ⅛ cup of tomato sauce with ½ cup of spaghetti, or rice, or noodles.
3. Low-calorie drinks, occasionally, but not as part of the diet plan.
4. Poach, broil, bake, or roast meat, poultry, or fish without added fat.
5. Vegetables should be eaten raw or with lemon rather than butter or oils. One teaspoon mayonnaise or salad dressing allowed daily.
6. Tomato juice or shrimp cocktail suggested for a low-calorie first course.
7. Watch out for hidden fat. A good restaurant's good serving of steak may well be from 1,200 to 1,600 calories.

FOOD — ACTIVITY

CHART OF THE MINUTES REQUIRED AT VARIOUS PHYSICAL ACTIVITIES IN ORDER TO BURN UP THE CALORIES IN THE FOOD PORTIONS LISTED BELOW:	WALKING min.	RIDING BICYCLE min.	SWIMMING min.	RUNNING min.	RECLINING min.
Apple, large	19	12	9	5	78
Beer, 1 glass	22	14	10	6	88
Cake, 1/12, 2-layer	68	43	32	18	274
Carbonated beverage, 1 glass	20	13	9	5	82
Carrot, raw	8	5	4	2	32
Cookie, chocolate chip	10	6	5	3	39
Egg, boiled	15	9	7	4	59
Halibut steak, ¼ lb.	39	25	18	11	158
Malted milk shake	97	61	45	26	386
Pie, apple, 1/6	73	46	34	19	290
Pizza, cheese, ⅛	35	22	16	9	138
Sandwich, tuna-fish salad	53	34	25	14	214
Steak, T-bone	45	29	21	12	181
Strawberry shortcake	77	49	36	21	308

From Dr. Frank Konishi, Southern Illinois University.

BEAUTY *gossip:* PARIS, ROME, LONDON, NEW YORK

Hair, face, figure: upbeat new plans for these in the four fashion capitals. Plans generally motored by what the recent fashion collections have rolled out. Which is: a series of rôles. Choose one (Little Girl; Glorious *Femme;* Primitive; you name it), and take it from there. Transaction includes makeup, how you wear your hair; even your walk. Details in a minute. Meanwhile, the trend everyone's all nerved up over is about **relaxation.** In Paris, "places of relaxation" are the new it; offshoots of those sofa-furnished oxygenation salons, the new relaxation places include: **single-occupancy saunas** (Cézanne's "Les Baigneuses" notwithstanding, Frenchwomen loathe a naked mob scene); a relaxation gym dedicated "to women who drive a lot;" warm seaweed baths followed by a massage with pressurized air. That's a sampling. For relaxation, London's pride is water-agitators for bathtubs (you know the Jacuzzi as an unbender of immersers). In the countryside beyond London where the chic new health farms flourish, **hydro processes** figure for relaxation. At one such place, peopled by Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh, Lady Elizabeth Anson, and so on and on, hydro treatments are administered fifteen minutes before bedtime. At a like establishment, this in Surrey, the order is: massage by a Japanese masseuse, then a prebedtime swim in the pool. In New York, several mannequins often found in the pages of Vogue are also found at a local health club where they've taken up **serious swimming.** Figure and nerve benefits propel them. California manufacturer of sunglasses, poolside exercise mats, and prophecies of chilling accuracy, claims: "In ten years' time, there won't be a house built in the United States without a pool or access to one; I'm gearing my whole business toward that day." (By the way, he should see—and so should you—the ravishing **exercise mats** by Porthault.) Enough water? Not quite; there's more. Big revival going on in the turn of cold-water faucets. Possible result of the sauna sweep; the sauna's bracing ice-water finale has accustomed people to cold showers again. Also being cold-showered, now, in beauty salons: hair, (Continued on page 131)



UGO MULAS

Italy: funglasses . . .

Mrs. Tony Curtis, in Rome while her husband is making a film, wears green-tinted "Eyeye" sunglasses designed by Mario Marenco; Bonwit Teller. Hair, Alba and Francesca.

Everywhere: woman in search of freshness in makeup. . . .

Freshness—photographed here in the freshest possible light. Green light. Means go ahead. Proceed. Which is what Coty did brilliantly with Coty Originals, new makeup inventions that have a direct connection with fashion. With it your face proceeds—to go with fashion, with the day, with the night, with the hour, in the sun and out of the sun. Wear a polished look, as here. Or a muted look for a tuned-down softness. Or a jewelled look to sparkle in the night. All acquirable through the adroitness of Coty's new makeup, a fresh attitude about which read more, page 50. . . . The giant blue loops on her shoulder: actually two pins, one narrow-looped, one broad, small stones in the deep centre of each. By Jane Bolles. Wig, the sharp work of Kenneth.

NORMAN PARKINSON





BEAUTY
bulletin

(Continued from page 128) after its shampoo. Closes "pores" of hair-shafts. Kenneth, that pusher for hair-health, pushed for this. As for hair silhouettes, the **basically small head** has struck and struck, though the woman who plans to live in men's suits and be irresistible had best either forget severity of hair or keep her fullest falls handy. In any case, the **cut-it-short** movement is with us. Vidal Sassoon has had to twist no arms to get his new Greek boy cut on smart heads; Sally Tuffin and Jean Muir, those two London fashion pilots, pre-tested the cut happily. At Cardin, Anna, now première model, could hardly wait. (Vidal obliged by cutting her hair on the spot, to the vast delight of anyone in the Cardin salon at the time.) Carita in Paris has done a wig no longer than Mia Farrow's hair—and as difficult as it is to produce a good, convincing **short-cut wig,** hers is superbity. Another liked haircut exposed during the Paris collections was the young-boy girlcut worn by the mannequin, Twiggy. Short; wet-combed with a slightly cultivated lift at front; forelock twisted into a **forehead guiche.** In New York, Mrs. McDonnell Ford's hair, famously full, famously long, has lost quite a lot of weight at the hands of Norbert's scissors. And Mrs. Thomas Bancroft, junior, has had her hair cut short as a baby lamb's; looks adorable—it was Kenneth's doing. Certainly the cut-it-short movement doesn't present the hazards it once did; hairpieces offer option—either way you go. As far as hair goes in Rome, everything goes except the geometric short haircut. (Basta! for that, evidently.) Still liked, liked more than ever, is the small head ornamented with **lots of hairpiece.** One attractive man, describing a Roman party at which he'd recently revelled, said he saw: Hairpieces that resembled. 1. Pekinese ears. 2. Unicorn horns. 3. Fly whisks. 4. Curling perukes. 5. A fall of blue plastic curls, like wood shavings. 6. Straight hair cut at back like a long **swallow tail.** . . . Very wild and wonderful, he added, and we quote. In New York, for hairpieces, ribbon décor may be on the way out; twining a **hairpiece with jewels** is newer. Mrs. William Rayner, first on the block with the ribbon-threaded pigtail more than two years ago, has switched her switches to a jewel diet. All of "Hugh Harrison's girls," the jeunesse glorious who fill the Tues., Wed., Thurs. slots in the appointment book at Bergdorf Goodman's hair salon, are being turned out for their current evenings with play-jewels in their hair. "Big silver bubbles is what he put on me," beamed one. The lightworks environment is with us. In Paris, a sensation is Elrhodes' **fluorescent hairspray** (see it on page 81). Not yet available, but riveting in its possibilities, the spray is invisible in any normal light; does its shining only in the dark. Illuminating is how we see it on a summer night; a walk on a starry beach. One (Continued on page 132)



UGO MULAS

Italy: head larks . . .

Mrs. Tony Curtis, above, in "Eyeye" sunglasses, black and white plastic with three-pronged metal headband; by Mario Marenco; Bonwit Teller. Hair, Alba and Francesca, who also did Mrs. Curtis's curled-in pigtail, below. Earrings by Coppola and Hoppo.

U. S. A.: legs, legs, legs

They reveal temperament, excitement, purpose, the legs of fashion. *If* they're lithe, their lines as smooth as a stroke. *If* they're one long tone of pure and unperturbed colour. A makeup to do the colour: Bare Allusion, Frances Denney's new leg and body sophistication. Smooth it on in the precise shade the situation seems to call for. . . . Short silk satin organza dress with swinging train by Tzaims Luksus, to order at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin. . . . Earrings by Michael Hic. Hair by Ara Gallant. Hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.



BERT STERN

UGO MULAS

BEAUTY *bulletin*

(Continued from page 131) observer, however, finds it puzzling: "I don't understand where it is that this thing works. I suppose from time to time you can go into a closet with somebody you like very much and he will suddenly realize you have amazing hair." ... Other **lightworks,** we needn't tell you, are in makeup. Everywhere. And being worked at everywhere is gilded makeup. In Rome, gilt highlights. In the U.S., **gilded face** with lipstick colour intensified to mango, to orange. Among the most provocative makeups in Paris was the one at Ungaro's collection, where the face itself, in the interest of looking super modern and sunned, was made up in a strong pink foundation with orange on the cheekbones. Painted-on eyelashes are happiness everywhere; are a part of a new eye-widening makeup pattern by Eve of Rome; are personal signatures of the mannequin, Twiggy. And then, there are **legs, legs, legs.** In London, pink for legs is a sweeper, not a sleeper. Pink from powder pink to purple pink; shoes to match. In New York, besides the knee-socks, the many-splendoured stockings on every leg, there are tinted leg makeups ready to match summer linen dresses. In Paris, legs in bloomers, legs in stripes, legs in glitter. In Rome, legs in ribbons and bracelets worn just below the knee. ... "If people wear clothes that play a given part, if they wear colour that has nothing to do with nature, then *with* their makeup, their hairdressing, with a body perfectly propelled in spirit, they must go on to fulfill the **temperament of fashion."** International fashion sage, speaking to women who are about to take the plunge. Or, rather, about to make the ascent to a new kind of fashion exhilaration. ...

Italy: tall sandals; Swallow-tail hairpiece

Above, canary-coloured stockings with a sole; or—are they hip-length sandals? At Ferragamo, there and here. . . . Below, ways the Roman hairdresser, Enzo, sees a swallow; sees curls. Madame Philippe Leroy here.

International liking: a mouth with a lift

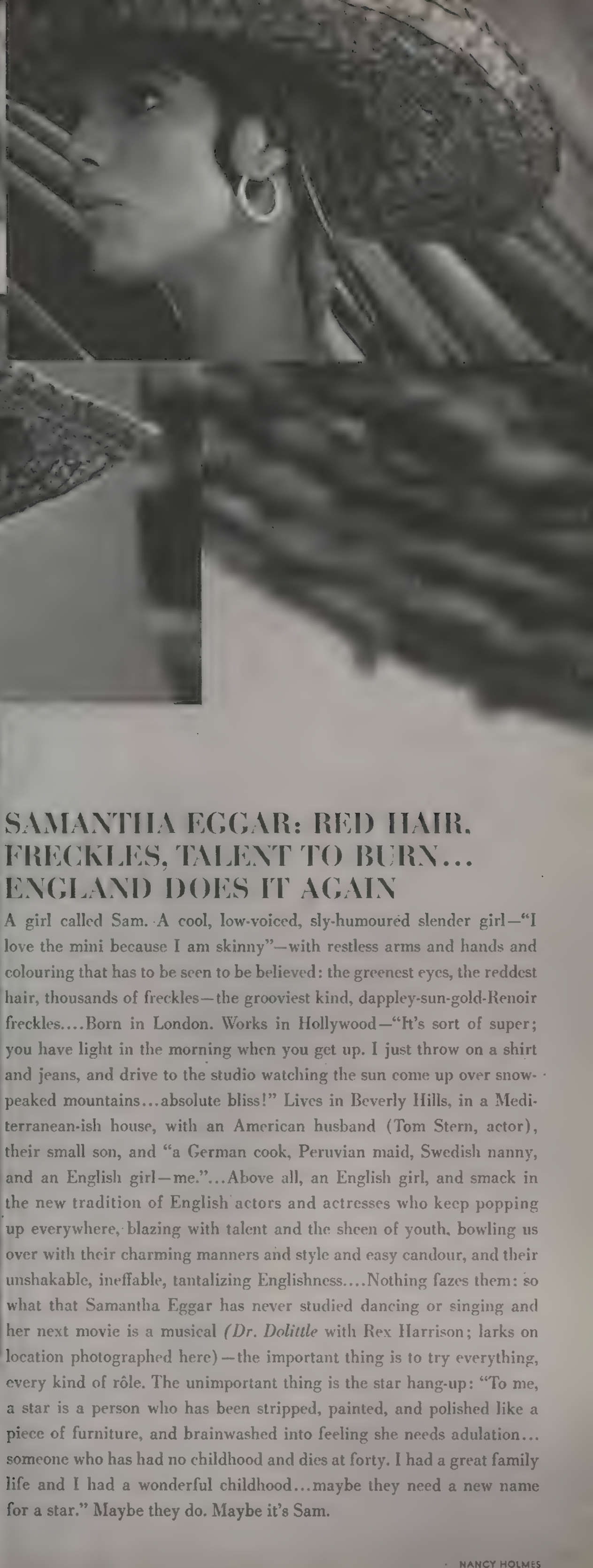
Guess why, on the page at right, we've invited the strongest lip colour we've seen in seasons to present itself. You guessed. To drive home a point: the mouth is a determined part of the whole design of the woman, never mind the startle all around. Mouth has to cope, hold its own. Does here, with Alexandra de Markoff lipstick, Corsican Red, an enlightened mango. Skin here, Mediterranean-sunned by Countess Isserlyn Makeup No. 96½ . Wool knit dress by Goldworm. Earrings, Michael Hic. Both, Saks Fifth Avenue. Hair by Carita.

LAMI

BERT STERN







SAMANTHA EGGAR: RED HAIR, FRECKLES, TALENT TO BURN... ENGLAND DOES IT AGAIN

A girl called Sam. A cool, low-voiced, sly-humoured slender girl—"I love the mini because I am skinny"—with restless arms and hands and colouring that has to be seen to be believed: the greenest eyes, the reddest hair, thousands of freckles—the grooviest kind, dappley-sun-gold-Renoir freckles....Born in London. Works in Hollywood—"It's sort of super; you have light in the morning when you get up. I just throw on a shirt and jeans, and drive to the studio watching the sun come up over snow-peaked mountains...absolute bliss!" Lives in Beverly Hills, in a Mediterranean-ish house, with an American husband (Tom Stern, actor), their small son, and "a German cook, Peruvian maid, Swedish nanny, and an English girl—me."...Above all, an English girl, and smack in the new tradition of English actors and actresses who keep popping up everywhere, blazing with talent and the sheen of youth, bowling us over with their charming manners and style and easy candour, and their unshakable, ineffable, tantalizing Englishness....Nothing fazes them: so what that Samantha Eggar has never studied dancing or singing and her next movie is a musical *(Dr. Dolittle* with Rex Harrison; larks on location photographed here)—the important thing is to try everything, every kind of rôle. The unimportant thing is the star hang-up: "To me, a star is a person who has been stripped, painted, and polished like a piece of furniture, and brainwashed into feeling she needs adulation... someone who has had no childhood and dies at forty. I had a great family life and I had a wonderful childhood...maybe they need a new name for a star." Maybe they do. Maybe it's Sam.

NANCY HOLMES

SAMANTHA



AN ART SCHOLAR'S LOFT

THE NEW YORK APARTMENT OF WILLIAM RUBIN

William Rubin lives in an amazing new Manhattan apartment in an old loft building, photographed here and on the next seven pages. He has subdivided one big loft on a unique plan with partitions and enormous wall space to hold his superb collection of paintings and sculpture, almost all American, none earlier than the forties. He is professor of Art History at Sarah Lawrence College and in the graduate school of the City University of New York. A former editor of *Art International* magazine, he is the author of *Modern Sacred Art and the Church of Assy* and of two forthcoming volumes: *Dada and Surrealist Art* and *Jackson Pollock and the Modern Tradition* (Harry N. Abrams and Co.). At present Professor Rubin is organizing a major exhibition called "Dada, Surrealism and Their Heritage" at The Museum of Modern Art, where he is also participating in the planning of the Museum's International Study Centre. (The Dada exhibition will open March 27, 1968.)

Above: *Professor Rubin in his office area, behind him a Kenneth Noland painting.*
Right: *The double entrance, with its immediate burst of paintings and sculpture. At left, a Roy Lichtenstein; part of a George Segal plaster sculpture; then a David Smith metal sculpture, with, on the right, a Morris Louis painting, and beyond, a Franz Kline black-and-white painting.*

GRIGSBY



GRIGSBY

AN ART SCHOLAR'S LOFT



LIVING ROOM SPACE

The living space—on the grand scale but intimate. Above: *On the left wall, a Hans Hofmann, a Gottlieb, a de Kooning, and an André Masson; in the corner, a Herbert Ferber sculpture; on the back partition, a Mark Rothko; on the right wall, a Robert Motherwell, a Clyfford Still, and a Jackson Pollock; on the table, a silver sculpture by David Smith.* Opposite page, top: *Left wall, a Franz Kline; back partition, a Barnett Newman black-and-white painting, and an Adolph Gottlieb.* Opposite, below: *Artists and friends. On the sofa, Mrs. Frank Stella, Mr. Larry Poons, Miss Lucinda Childs; on the floor, Mr. Frank Stella with baby Michael Stella. Standing, Mr. William Rubin, with Mr. Wilder Green seated, right.*



AN ART SCHOLAR'S LOFT

DINING ROOM SPACE

Left: *Near the kitchen pass-through to the dining space of the loft, a Richard Stankiewicz welded sculpture; near it, a Helen Frankenthaler painting. Behind the dining room table, a Mark Rothko; on the right wall, a Morris Louis; on the table, a plaster sculpture by Agostini.* Above: *A Jules Olitski painting at the left, and a Kenneth Noland hanging on one of the free-standing partitions that make rooms within a room, to provide private, enclosed space without breaking the expanse of the loft.* Below: *Miss Nancy Forbes in the ordered kitchen with its wide pass-through opening on a view of art.*



GRIGSBY

AN ART SCHOLAR'S LOFT

"LIGHT, SILENCE, AND SPACE"

BY ANNETTE MICHELSON

"Through building, I have, I think, been
building my own self."
Paul Valéry, *Eupalinos: or the Architect*

The modern sensibility, in its various humours, aspires to an organic unity. Its image of ideal existence is the seamless fabric of a life in which the tensions and conflicts between pleasure and work are relaxed and resolved. An image of fulfillment as ecstatic has been replaced by one of dedication. Our secular models tend, therefore, to be artists and scholars, in whose lives play and work fuse in a kind of grave abandon. We do somehow manage to believe that for Matisse, paradise was, as he said, simply "work." The same claim made by a statesman or captain of industry has a slightly less triumphant ring. Combining business with pleasure is not quite the same as creating in delight; it does, however, reflect, though less vividly, the same aspiration.

The architecture of the modern sensibility is, then, the incarnation of that aspiration; its constructions propose a Reconstruction. The fluidity of its interpenetrating spaces reflects the hope that all may once again be related in some generally meaningful way. It is intended both to embody and facilitate an integrity of obligation and desire, performance and pleasure. Functionalism is really a notion about the relationship between efficiency and delight.

Picture, then, a large, light, fluidly composed space, designed for the living and working activities of a scholar and connoisseur, suggesting a life style predicated upon a complex and intimate professional involvement with one of the grander and more sumptuous of imaginable work tools: a collection of contemporary painting and sculpture which constitutes, as well, a constantly regenerative source of visual and intellectual refreshment.

Mr. William Rubin's newly installed quarters are such a place, and its interest is heightened by the fact that its light, silence, and space are those of a loft—a loft with a difference, to be sure—in that commercial area of lower Broadway to which a cab driver very recently hesitated to take me because it was presumably uninhabited, except for irresponsible types, the sort who "abandon wives and children to go off to the South Seas." The assertion involved, of course, a complex form of hyperbole and distortion but it did reflect an obscure awareness of the fact that lower Broadway and the area extending south to Houston Street and beyond have become for New York ever so roughly what Montmartre and Montparnasse successively were for Paris. The neighbourhood is unique in providing the spacious and spatially flexible quarters the artist's work most generally demands, and Mr. Rubin, who has been predominantly engaged, both as scholar and connoisseur, with the art of the modern world, has there installed his canvases and sculptures, living, so far as possible, amidst the artists who made them.

This choice, and the quite astonishing thoroughness of detail and breadth of scale with which it has been articulated, mirrors both a life style and the desire to restore to the notion of the "studio-apartment," in an age when it has come to stand for the dreary discomfort of the "one room with wall-kitchen," some of its earlier charm and nobility. Mr. Rubin's studio consequently evokes—and quite consciously so—the atelier as it developed in Europe and flowered in the Paris of Impressionism.

One sees, of course, the studios of Vermeer, Teniers, Vanloo, and Velázquez in their painting. Examine, however, "Las Meninas" of (Continued on page 154)



ENTRANCE SPACE



Near the double entrance of William Rubin's loft, above, *is shown, on the left wall, part of a Larry Poons painting; back wall, a diamond-shaped Kenneth Noland and a Frank Stella painting; on the right-hand partition, a Morris Louis. In the centre stands a plaster sculpture by George Segal of John Chamberlain working in metal.*

RIGSBY

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Paris: Twiggy wanted to go to Torrente.



It was raining. All the big Vogue editors were at the big haute couture collections . . . the big photographer wouldn't want her to start posing til night. . . . It was the super moment to slip away to that not so so haute couture boutique, "Torrente." So Twiggy scurried into her stop-light red and clear plastic striped pants-tailleur—knew *no* one could *possibly* recognize her under that matching mushroom of a hat. But . . . (left) wherever Twiggy goes, the photographer press paparazzi is sure to follow, poking their inquisitive cameras about, recording the action. So now, the world knows what the world's most adorable model tried on, on her quiet little snoop to "Torrente" to shop. Click! went the camera as Twiggy contemplated the yum-yum yellow raw silk dress all hand-scribbled in purple (right). It went under a canteen-pocketed yellow wool coat (below, centre). Click! again when Twiggy slipped into the brass-buttoned





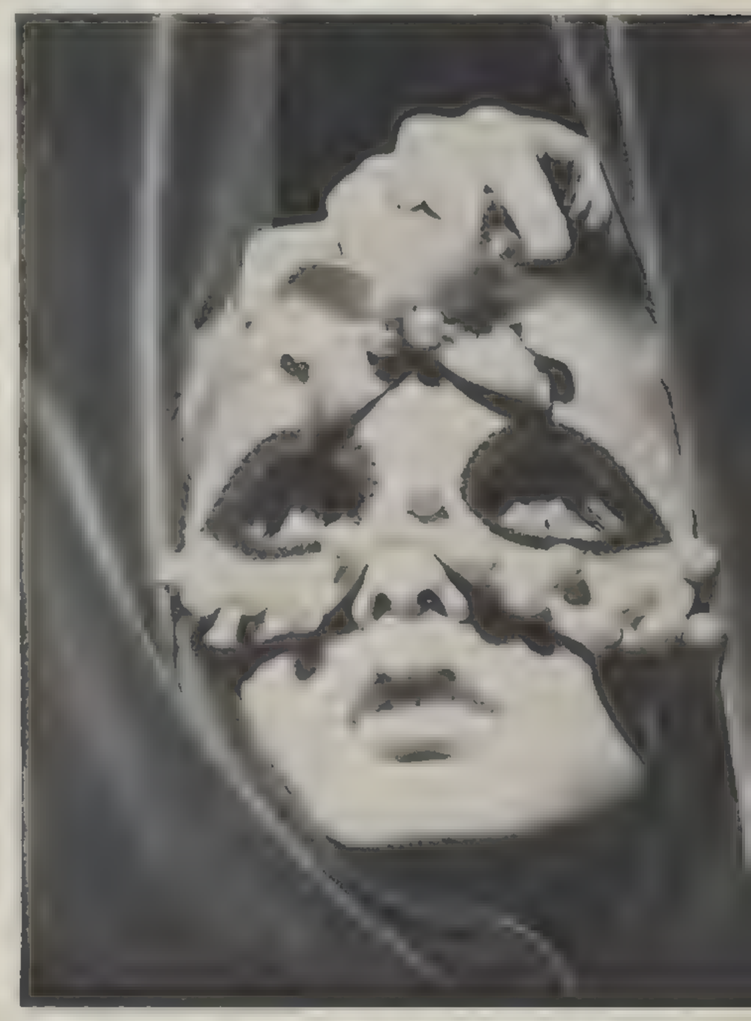




epauletted all-out military coat (opposite page, bottom right). And how can a girl like Twiggy (caught by the camera all over this page) with her sure, instinctive sense of sweet clown comedy—resist trying on the masks they show with clothes at "Torrente." . . . There's the fairly straight-forward Bob-the-Robber one, that goes with the narrow navy wool dress, shoulder-buckled and hip-buttoned in brass (left). And a too delicate Odette-the-Swan-Queen one (right), to hide behind when you make dazzling entrances wearing orange pleated crêpe under an orange sequin, orange swan-fluffed jacket (below). Of course *nobody*, not even Twiggy, can afford to go bananas and buy, buy, buy at "Torrente." After all this is not cheap-y boutique-y land.









Their clothes are all made to measure out of yummy fabrics. And the stitching up is done by some of the best "hands" in Paris (it's said some of them used to work for Balenciaga!). So at about $270 a clip for a dress, or about $350 for a coat, one must keep a cool head. But —Twiggy can't resist a few more delicious try-on's—like the frou-frou of white embroidered organdie ending in a whoof of a ruffle (left). Or a zinnia-printed tunic slashed up the sides and worn over Bermuda shorts (which the camera *didn't* catch). . . . But the witching hour has come. Into the narrow red and white striped rain keeper-awayer—the disguising hat (which incidentally came from Torrente, too). And sure enough, waiting outside the door of 79 Faubourg St.-Honoré (right)—are more paparazzi photographers eager to record every movement of the adorable girl of the year, our Twiggy. . . .



DE ROSNAY

New York: ***If Hermès is your bag,*** you can now flaunt it like a flag, for an enterprising lady named Jenny Bell has taken some of the famous Hermès scarfs and stitched them into delectable little shifts—drawstring-shouldered or sleeveless smocks. Around $225, S'fari Room, Bonwit Teller, Fifth Avenue and 56th St. . . . ***About handbags.*** Absolutely great ones, like dolly-sized envelopes, in patent coloured passion purple, or canary yellow—the neat little handle and hardware of chrome. $50, at "Off the Beaten Path," 315 East 57th St. . . . More great bags—these in fir green suède stitched like quilting—chain handle and very well priced for so much chic. $16 at Allen & Cole, 150 East 54th Street. . . .

St. Moritz: ***"About the size of two broom closets"*** . . . one man's description of "Biking's" this season's new boutique in the Palace Hotel sponsored by Baroness Fiona Thyssen-Bornemisza. It's exploding with merchandise of all sorts—Ken Scott's from Milan, Princess Pignatelli's from Rome, Emmanuelle Khanh's, Paco Rabanne's, from Paris. They also have things for men—Ken Scott shirts, neckties, sweaters, and pants. And gramophone records. And pop badges. And posters of Rudolph Valentino. . . . And it's all very gay, very young—and very successful. Everyone in St. Moritz has bought or is buying there, starting with Princess Soraya. . . . ***London: black velvet evening pants suits. . . .*** Everybody is wearing them.

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*



San Francisco: A boutique city. There are boutiques, enchanting shops, everywhere up and down, and all over those hills. . . . And of course ***it's only natural that Jeanne Poett*** (left) should ride the cable car to work in her grey and white Tattersall pants-tailleur found at the "Cathy's" boutique, $55. 608 Montgomery St. . . . ***Or that Gibbie Folgier*** (above right) should contemplate Fisherman's Wharf from that enchanting spot of shops, Ghirardelli Square—in her white blob-dot on red vinylized cotton raincoat by Marimekko, $66. Found at Design Research, 900 North Point Street. . . . ***And then Miss Folgier*** should move a step away from Fisherman's Wharf to one of the great "boutiques" of all time—"Cost Plus"—a labyrinth of huge warehouses crammed with clothes, furniture, accessories, objects, food —*everything* from all over the world at great prices, some of it still in the crates it came in. Gibbie (right) got stopped by a Japanese Kendo beach coat of cotton canvas stitched with navy thread. $3.49. "Cost Plus" is at 2598 Taylor Street. . . . ***Meanwhile little nymph-like Wendy Hartshorn*** (right) who studies mediaeval flute music—is soothing the other customers while she tries on an openwork white hand-crocheted shift. $50 in the "Orbit" boutique, 1444 Polk Street. . . . ***And Mrs. Frances Bowes*** (below. extreme right) poses in her beautiful house in a beautiful drift of crème tulle. exquisitely embroidered with pailleted spring flowers. From the Bead Boutique, 2117 Fillmore Street. . . . ***While Helen Robertson.*** and Jeanne Poett, (below centre, right) chat about their mini-shifts in front of Miss Robertson's boîte, Anastasias, 631 Clay Street, ***Mireille Bigorie lounges*** about (below centre, left) in pink crêpe harem rompers at the "Menagerie," 197 Union Street, they're about $55. . . . ***And Frances Whyatt Hill wafts*** her way in a ravishing black chiffon, gold-encrusted caftan. $150. Nasimo's. 1398 Grant Ave. . . .











CATERINE MILINAIRE





Twiggy

(Continued from page 65)

of sophistication and of conceit, a limited vocabulary, and a very sweet nature. Finally—she is seventeen and a half. All the ingredients for being a folk heroine. In any other decade, these things would have combined to prevent Twiggy's being a success. Not any more. She has got to the top.

And being at the top in a personality profession like modelling means that she is offered a great deal of money to do things for which she has neither talent, training, aptitude, nor inclination. But she and her manager De Villeneuve have selectivity even if the commercial boys, motivated by cupidity, haven't, and they turn down a good percentage of the offers Twiggy gets. These have included film rôles, a chance to serialise her life story, a recording contract, and a million dollar tie-up with clothes manufactured under a Twiggy label. They took up the last two offers. The clothes will, hopefully, be in the shops soon. The record was quite appallingly bad. She and Justin cheerfully admit it was a mistake "although the company issued the record we *didn't* like." Both of them know it won't affect her career adversely.

Twiggy is also very lucky in that Justin diverts the sniping and jealousy which accompanies success towards himself. He antagonizes those who don't know him by being open about his motives, his attitudes, and his ambitions. He changed his name publicly from Nigel Davies to the outrageous Justin de Villeneuve; he wants to be famous, to make money, he can laugh at the pop scene while taking it seriously. He is a sweet smart boy and it is impossible to separate Twiggy from him either in reality or in imagination. They work together, play together, do business together; she looks to him for advice, guidance, the answer to all questions, for praise, blame, appreciation, and especially for being there—even if it is five o'clock in the morning when she has worked all night.

There is absolutely nothing Henry Higgins or Svengalish in their relationship. The only resemblance to the Pygmalion scene is in Twiggy's accent which is thick enough to have made Eliza wince. It makes everything she says sound like a bon mot: "'ere I am practisin' all bloomin' afternoon to ask the girl for emriboards, in French—and wot d'ya think? She spoke English." Everyone enjoys listening to her except Londoners who have heard it all before. In France it was a riot. People laugh, ask for more, hug her, or try to repeat what she says as she says it.

It never occurs to Twiggy that she has anything to do with their beaming faces. She takes it for granted that this is the way people behave. She has managed to keep a quality that is normally found only in happy babies—a charming, placid, and total egocentricity. She remains the centre of her own world by not seeing those who don't enter it.

It was Justin who made Twiggy famous. It was he who thought up the "Twiggy" lines around her eyes. "I saw them on a painted doll. Then we saw a woman, ages later, who said in a magazine article that she thought them up long before Twiggy. Huh."

"Yeah," says Twiggy, getting animated. "There she was with the same 'air as mine, eyes, freckles, everything. And she says she thought it up. Wot a cheek."

Justin says confidentially, "But I've thought up a new look —been thinking of it a long time."

"What like?" she says suspiciously.

"Well, it involves painting out the lips. . . ." She almost weeps. "I LIKE lips."

He is her boy friend as well as her manager and they first started going out together when she was at school. He had worked at Vidal Sassoon's and on the periphery of the pop world and he says he spotted Twiggy's potential immediately. But he did nothing about it for a year; she was too young.

She used to work in a hairdressing salon on Saturday mornings to earn pocket money, dreamed of being a model, experimented with makeup by studying beauty articles. Then a friend of a friend ("Listen, now, for this is very complicated") who worked on a magazine rang them up and asked Twiggy to come along for a test. She was offered the modelling job on sight. *But,* she must first get her hair cut. "Aoow it was awful," says Twiggy, "All long and straggly but I didn't want to cut it. But Leonard the hairdresser convinced me and I spent seven hours in the salon getting the colour and the cutting. I *loved* it when it was finished." But before the magazine pictures appeared, Twiggy's photograph was spotted in the salon by the fashion editor of a national daily newspaper. She published huge photographs of Twiggy as the face of 1966 and from there everything happened.

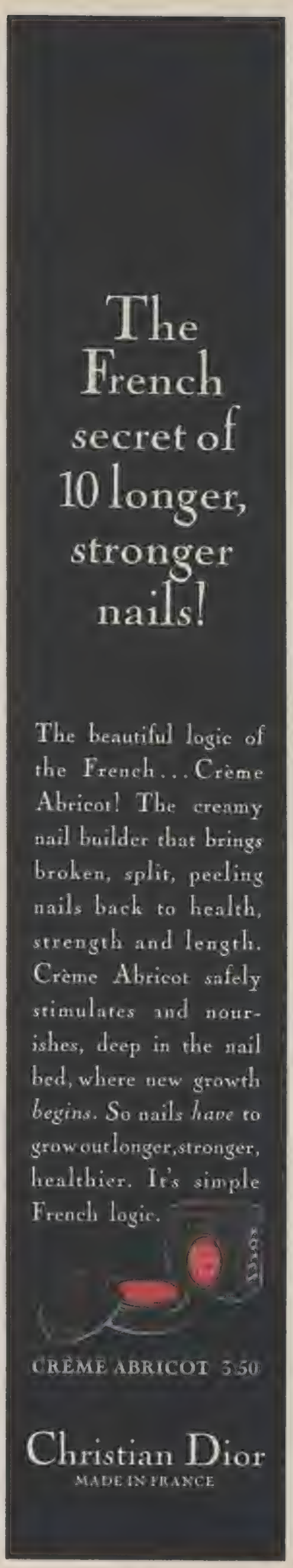
"Oh Lord, it was exciting!" says Twiggy. "But now I'm not so excited any more. It's harder work than I thought and there's not so much glamour. And I never like my pictures. I'm always laughing, I suppose because I'm young. I don't like me laughing. If I hadn't been a model I would have tried to go to art school. Peggy Moffitt [another model] taught me a lot when I worked with her. She was fabulous, never stopped moving in front of the cameras. But I've learnt a lot from photographers too." Twiggy doesn't understand why anyone should have any curiosity about *how* she acquired modelling techniques without any training and so very quickly. "I just do it," she says vaguely. "Well, I'm a model, eyn't I?

"Modelling's better'n school and one of the nice things about it is that all the people you thought were on another planet like David Bailey and Jean Shrimpton are real after all.

"The things I don't like about modelling are things like missing London and me mum and dad. I wanted to take them to Paris but me mum's so bloomin' frightened of aeroplanes; why she won't let dad drive at over thirty-five miles an hour."

Twiggy reveals this without emotion. Twiggy appears to have no emotions about anything except her parents, Justin, and eating. These she loves de-

(Continued on page 148)



Twiggy

(Continued from page 147)

votedly, especially food. In fact if she is far away from, or feels deprived of, food for any length of time she falls into a panic. Justin says, "She shamed me at lunch today. Here, in Paris, she pushes her steak from her half finished, and takes out a huge lollipop."

Twiggy listens unmoved. "You can't trust these French," she says, "not to put alcohol into their cream cakes. I hate alcohol. Just like medicine."

She examines her cream cake suspiciously, passes a slice to Justin, watching him anxiously to see his reaction to it. He hasn't seen her put it on his plate and eats it without noticing. "JUSTIN, don't you like it? Justin. Can't you taste it?" Justin says hastily that it was very good and she eats the rest contentedly. Later they go for a drive through the Bois de Boulogne in their Ford Mustang.

Justin announced to the press that it was his Christmas present to Twiggy and The Ford Motor Co. announced coldly that it was on loan to Twiggy. No one is quite sure what the current position on the Mustang is, but Twiggy is falling out of it with excitement. She has seen an aeroplane writing in the sky. Her main wonder is how anyone could *learn* to do that. The Eiffel Tower she's not so sure about: "It looks rusty but it seems that's how it is painted to look."

She won't go up in it because it might break. "And there's one accident a month; it might be me, mightn't it?" As they drive along with Twiggy in the back, her feet stretched along the island between the front seats. both of them scan the Bois for favourite objects. For Twiggy these are small things—babies, dogs, mini-bikes; for Justin it's anything groovy. Many things win this accolade from Justin. Twiggy has no adjectives, just frantic giggles of delight.

They drive back to the hotel so that Twiggy can get ready for her next sitting. It takes her at least an hour to do her makeup because she likes to have time to potter around.

Without makeup she's like thistledown, with it she looks far more pinned to earth, infinitely more sophisticated, still small, young but tautly professional. She is modelling a Paris suit and space hat, and when no one is looking she goes into a routine which involves heaving an imaginary bag of coal onto her shoulder and muttering "Any coal today, ma'am?"

"I'm not keen on this suit," she says. "I like girlish things without frills, boys' clothes, and things that really fit."

She wears tiny tailored men's trousers when she's relaxing and looks sensational in them with a skinny wool sweater. Even in Paris in collections week she is a traffic stopper.

"I like photographers generally. Now Bert Stern, 'e says I'm the only model he's met who sniffs in a Paris evening dress. Well, I've a cold and I can't wipe my nose and have a red patch around it, can I?

"Bert had this dog for the sitting; it was a lovely dog, enormous eyes, soppy thing really, bless its 'art, and as it got later and later it kept dropping off to sleep. Bert 'ad to keep poking it awake. 'Wake up, doggy,' he kept saying." She roared with laughter.

Twiggy eventually wants to get married but not until she's well into her twenties. She says she'd give up modelling; she wants children. For the moment she's happy with her lot. "I don't like nightclubs. I like going to restaurants but I hate places where people go to see each other. I don't drink, so I can't have a good booze-up, and after a day's work I'm often dead tired. So I sit at home and watch television, and get to bed early."

She lives with her parents. Her mother is a housewife, her father a carpenter on stage and television sets. Both of them are enormously pleased with their daughter's success, especially because she hasn't changed at all.

"Well, if I believed all I read I'd change, wouldn't I? I never believe it, though sometimes I think it's nice. But I'm still the same. It would be awful if I changed and then got big-headed. People would stop liking me." The prospect horrifies her. The prospect is remote.

The fashion under the fashion



Down in back, above: a lacy, lightly padded black brassière with removable garter-clips that attach to the top of girdle or pantie brief, anchor the back down and out of sight. The adjustable stretch straps can be crossed in back. Brassière by Lilyette, of Du Pont nylon tricot and Lycra, $7. At Altman's; Jelleff's.



PENATI

The bikini-girdle, above: pale-yellow stretch lace cut just like a bikini-pantie—low on the waist, high on the leg, with short garters to hold long stockings high under mini-skirts. By Venus, of Du Pont nylon and Lycra, $7. At Bonwit Teller. Long, lace-topped stockings by Round-the-Clock. Both coiffures by Lupe.

Saying "Ah"

By JONATHAN MILLER

The first part of Saying "Ah" *appeared in Vogue, January 1, 1967. This is the second.*

Medicine is like a great civil action in law. It starts with complaint and ends at settlement. But the plaintiff has no one against whom to file his petition. Disease is an orphan tort; a wrong with a victim but no culprit. Whichever way the case goes, the patient has to face the costs. It's all like some enormous case in Chancery—Jaundice and Jaundice—where the human race goes again and again in front of the tribunal to try to secure some lasting settlement of its complaints. But there are no lasting settlements. The case grinds on without recess and justice has no part in it. In the end, no one can escape the due process of this capricious action. If there is any satisfaction to be had, it's only provisional and many people are utterly undone.

Until very recently medicine could only offer alleviation, and not much of that. The doctor was just a biased referee, favouring the patient but otherwise powerless to do much more than encourage the poor struggler. He simply supervised the fatal transactions between man and fortune, and courageous resignation was the only decent course.

The disappearance of this stoic calm is the best indication of the astonishing advances made by medicine in the last fifty years. Death is no longer regarded as an inevitable exit, and medicine is credited with almost unlimited powers of deferment. In fact we have become quite prudish about death, treating it now almost as coyly as our grandparents treated sex. Everything is done to push it away from the middle of ordinary life.

Very few people have ever seen a dead body, and fewer have ever witnessed a death. Most people over the age of sixty, however, can recall a deathbed in their own family, and many of them actually laid out the corpse. But all this has been bowdlerized out of the modern household. Immediately anyone becomes seriously ill he is shunted off to a hospital, and even when nothing can be done the relatives of the doomed patient are reluctant to take the dying man back and sit through the pains and terrors of the last act.

In fact, medicine could be said to have crippled our capacity to mourn gracefully, and the expectation of relative immortality has made us incompetent in grief. Perhaps it is this incoherence in the face of normal death which has produced the current rage for gothic horrors of one sort or another. Perhaps the extravagant fictions act like psychological vaccinations against the shock of experiencing the real thing.

The real thing is actually such a knight's move away from what we could ever have imagined it would be that it's often hard to say exactly what one saw. I can only just remember the first time I saw someone die, not because my memory is bad, but because the event itself was so faint and unfinal. I can only remember what happened just afterwards, when I had to go through the motions of confirming that death had in fact taken place. Reaching with a stethoscope through the different focal depths of silence for the flicker of a heartbeat, and hearing instead the low susurration of emptiness. It was like standing in a basement of a large house just after the last tenant has left for good and hearing the tinkle of a faucet leaking somewhere upstairs in a bedroom, the creak of an old joist, and the overall echo of recently emptied rooms.

The passing itself I just can not remember. It was all too subtle, like the unobservable transition from liquid to solid in the setting of a jelly. In fact it's only much later, and in retrospect, that the event assumes any firmness; when certificates come to be signed; clothes, spectacles, and wallets are bundled up; and all the other social confirmations of the fact have been made.

This end may be inconclusive to the observer, but it sets a deadline to all our works and gives a relatively fixed scale to our notions of the individual human career. The Biblical span has become a metrical unit in our experience of historical time, just as the inch, the cubit, or the foot, also derived from fixed limits of human proportion, have become basic measures of space. And so far medicine has not changed this very much.

The statistical limit of human life remains more or less the same. But now more people have a chance of reaching it since the hazards of maternity, infancy, and youth have been overcome. By reducing the size of the jumps, by filling in the ditches, we have allowed the majority of entries to finish the course. The winning post stays where it was. If medical technology can shift the deadline of old age, too, the shape and quality of human life will change beyond recognition.

Just at the moment, the very old are eccentric in their survival. We are puzzled and overawed by them, simply because they have occupied such a long compartment of history and can give firsthand accounts of figures and incidents which we would otherwise only know from books. Bertrand Russell, for example, who is still lively enough to take an active part in nuclear politics, had John Stuart Mill as a godfather. If modern medicine really can fulfill its promises of tissue grafts and artificial parts, this sort of thing will become quite commonplace and the consciousness of each and every one of us could span centuries.

The whole structure of human wisdom would change dramatically. Provided that wit and sensibility could be preserved as long as life itself, a great deal of human folly might evaporate in the bright light of eternity. But the generations would draw further apart from each other, too. Just as in Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*, youth and antiquity would

(Continued on page 150)



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If a signal lasts longer than two weeks, see your doctor without delay.

It makes sense to know the seven warning signals of cancer.

It makes sense to give to the American Cancer Society.

Saying "Ah"

(Continued from page 149)

live alongside each other as almost distinct human species.

The names we now give to the different parts of life would change. Childhood, maturity, and old age would become almost meaningless in the light of unlimited longevity. And of course the whole idea of the individual career would go by the board. The tempo of ambition would change so that people would no longer have to launch themselves carefully towards a chosen goal, knowing, as we do now, that failure is irreversible and remorse the only resort.

With a life of, say, one hundred and fifty vigorous years, there would be seasons rather than careers, and instead of laboriously climbing one professional ladder towards retirement a man could divide up his time into smaller units—try once, fail with honour, try again, succeed, and so on. So that by the time life finally came to an end he could look back on a series of separate achievements. Right now we are condemned by our stature in time to play Russian roulette with our futures. The indecent haste of it all makes us into clowns.

Childbearing would no longer dominate the lives of women. In a greatly extended life-span, child rearing would become only one of a number of functions. Old age in the new sense may be something very close to what Shaw prophesied, with a great community of sexless ancients contemplating the platonic truths of eternity.

Medicine has put us in sight, but by no means in reach, of this Shavian utopia. Before we can transcend the limits of the Biblical span, there will have to be a new type of biological revolution. It's rather like the recent history of politics, where the social changes of the last century have established equality of opportunity which awaits upon a technical revolution to fulfill the unlimited possibilities of that shared opportunity.

It's hard to point to any discoveries as such which have led us this far to the threshold of immortality. In fact discovery, pure and simple, is only half the story. Science advances more by changing its opinion than by startling itself with sudden disclosures. Discoveries only come when the mind has been changed enough to recognize things as a discovery. A mind without a theory is like a sieve without a mesh, and the great medical advances of the last half-century have only come through our having woven the right mesh.

It's possible that the greatest single change in mind, the one which established the overall frame of modern medical progress, came in the middle of the seventeenth century, when scientists, under the influence of the French philosopher Descartes, realized that it was fruitful to think of the body as a machine. The fact that Descartes did so out of theological zeal, in an effort to free the soul from physical contamination, is beside the point. By mechanizing the opinion of the body, scientists were able to tinker with the thing as if it were an engine. By splitting off piety in this way, scientists were free for the first time to look at the body's pistons, pumps, and valves and to propose, quite rightly, that the whole setup worked on straightforward hydraulic principles. Nearly all the great lifesaving discoveries of the last century are framed by this radical mechanism.

You have only to go into a modern operating theatre to see the practical consequences of the Cartesian proposal. Modern anaesthesia has gone much further than abolishing pain in surgery. It severs every link between the body and its conscious owner, so that the living carcass is reduced to a soft machine, whose every function is under the direct control of the operator.

One of the main obstacles in large-scale surgery is the muscular rigidity in all but the most deeply unconscious patient. In abdominal operations this makes it very hard to open the belly wide enough to work freely inside. The wound contracts fiercely round the surgeon's wrist and limits his movement. In the old days dangerously deep anaesthesia had to be used before the patient would go limp enough to let the surgeon inside, the danger being that the amount of anaesthetic necessary to produce adequate relaxation came very near to the lethal dose.

Even when the anaesthetist was skillful and managed to steer through the small margin of safety, the patient generally woke up with a bad chest as a result of breathing the large quantities of irritant gas necessary. The introduction of drugs derived from the Indian arrow poison curare transformed the scene. It was now possible to produce total relaxation with a small intravenous injection, so that a much smaller amount of gas could then be used to keep the patient painlessly asleep.

But curare paralyzes every other voluntary muscle in the body, and the patient is quite unable to draw breath. The anaesthetist has to do it for him by endlessly pumping a rubber bag which connects with the patient's lungs through a tube pushed down the throat. It's a strange Cartesian irony that by ruthlessly reducing a man for a short period of time to the status of a paralyzed machine, we are better able to restore his intact humanity. And it's not just a matter of respiration. The modern anaesthetist also supervises the patient's heart and circulation, too, bringing down the blood pressure in order to reduce the risks of bleeding, or boosting it again.

Anaesthetists may make the most dramatic use of blood, but the science of transfusion has completely revolutionized the prospects of many patients. Once again, the discovery of this technique grew out of one or two fundamental theoretical changes rather than any single discovery.

For one thing, it was realized as a result of the two last great wars that most of the effects of what are commonly known as shock were due to a straightforward hydraulic deficiency in circulating blood volume. The mysteriously toxic state of such patients could be dramatically repaired simply by supplementing the volume of circulating red stuff. All that was necessary then, in order to capitalize on this enlightenment, was a matter of straightforward social administration—the setting up of well-

stocked and carefully tabulated blood banks. It's a strange quirk of fortune that one of the most miraculous therapies of modern times should simply be a bottle of our own blood used at the right time and place.

Of course we now know that man is much more than a hydraulic machine. Even if we still hold to a mechanistic model, our knowledge has gone too far for us to be able to make do with the simple pumps and pulley pictures which satisfied Descartes or William Harvey. This is partly because our knowledge of machines has itself become so rich and varied. Anyone looking today for a suggestive mechanical metaphor with which to describe physiological function has access to an astonishing range of working models—in particular of course, electrical models from the field of communications.

Wireless, radar, and computers are to modern biology more or less what pumps, pulleys, and bellows were to the scientists of the seventeenth century. Medical science has advanced in the last twenty years on pontoons of metaphor drawn very largely from this type of machinery. For example, for us to think of the nervous system as if it behaved rather like a wireless or computer is a fertile metaphor which suggests all sorts of new experiments.

Even the biochemical knowledge of the cell and of the factors determining heredity has been strongly influenced by this cybernetic example. Cell biochemists and pathologists like to think of the great molecules in charge of metabolism as being rather like the magnetic tapes which carry instructions to and from electronically guided missiles.

It is an enduring irony that the medical future of our race should lean so heavily upon images derived from engines of universal destruction. But the progress of science is curiously indifferent to the pedigree of the ideas from which it may make its most spectacular and benevolent advances. Metaphors are simply the obstetric instruments of science. The forceps which deliver a newborn child, in the hands of a maniac, could as easily be used to dash out its brains.

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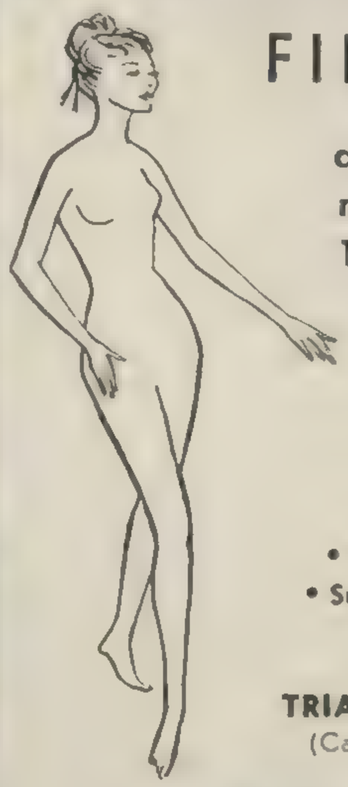
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William Rubin

(Continued from page 142)

Velázquez and you perceive that it mirrors a world or arena entirely occupied by model, patron, and artists.

For Bazille, the Impressionist painter, as we see in the paintings of his own studio, the notion of the interpenetration of indoors and outdoors, the opening of the studio to the outside, which was, of course, a fundamental postulate of Impressionism, is extended by the opening of the studio itself to an outside milieu—to other artists—and to other art forms.

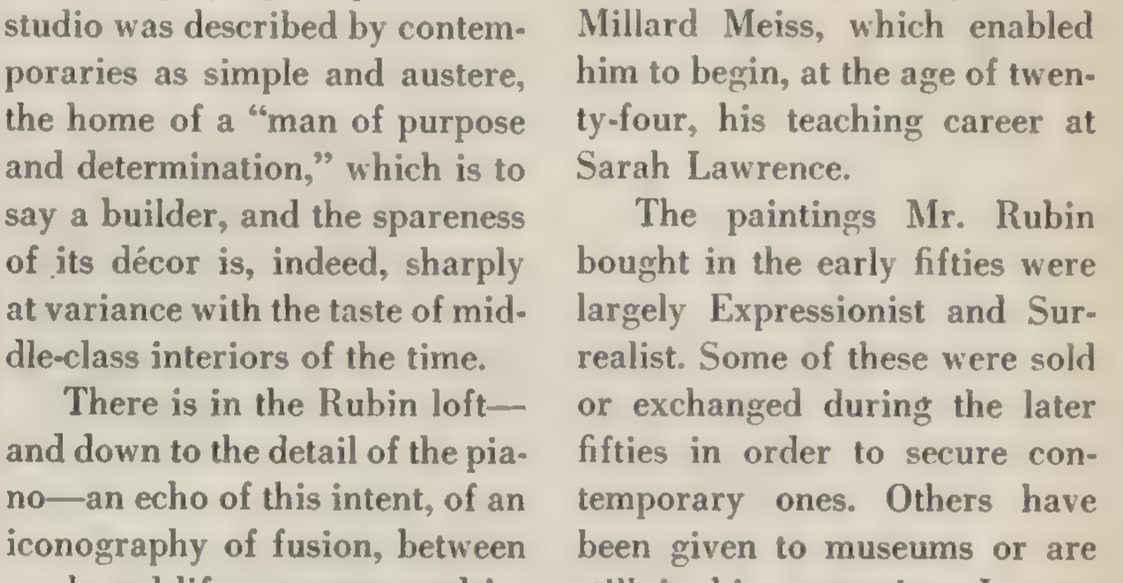
Bazille had this to say: "I've diverted myself by painting the studio with my friends present. Manet's doing me." And indeed, in "The Artist's Studio, rue de la Condamine," the finest of Bazille's successive studies of his ateliers in various arrondissements of Paris, Manet and Monet are being shown a canvas by Bazille, Zola leans over the ramp of a wooden staircase to the left and talks to the young Renoir, while, at the far right, Edmond Maître, the cultivated and understanding friend of the group, is playing the piano. The studio was described by contemporaries as simple and austere, the home of a "man of purpose and determination," which is to say a builder, and the spareness of its décor is, indeed, sharply at variance with the taste of middle-class interiors of the time.

There is in the Rubin loft—and down to the detail of the piano—an echo of this intent, of an iconography of fusion, between work and life, openness and intimacy, the personal and social. The unity of feeling which pervades this place—and it is an American place—proceeds most directly, however, from that education of the eye which has animated the work of the scholar and the connoisseur.

Mr. Rubin attended, while at the Fieldston School, the classes in painting taught by Victor d'Amico, Director of Education at The Museum of Modern Art. Mr. Rubin started to collect prints when in high school and began to acquire paintings during his senior year at Columbia College. The first of these was a Kirchner, "Woman with Red Flowers." The early interest in German Expressionism and in other schools of the modern tradition was stimulated by the acquaintance with the late Curt Valentin, whose courtesy, generosity, and scholarship, almost unique among dealers of our time, were responsible for the education of a generation or two of collectors in this country.

After a year of post-graduate musicological study at the University of Paris, Mr. Rubin took a Master's degree in history at Columbia. The subject of his thesis was Michelet. This was followed by the doctoral studies in art history, concentrated in the study of modern, early Christian, and pre-Renaissance art under Meyer Schapiro and Millard Meiss, which enabled him to begin, at the age of twenty-four, his teaching career at Sarah Lawrence.

The paintings Mr. Rubin bought in the early fifties were largely Expressionist and Surrealist. Some of these were sold or exchanged during the later fifties in order to secure contemporary ones. Others have been given to museums or are still in his possession. It goes without saying that Mr. Rubin deeply admires the work of many contemporaries not represented in his collection, but



Floor plan of Professor William Rubin's loft apartment

limitations of money and space —as well as the desire to avoid a "personal museum"—have militated against such acquisitions.

One of the particularly striking aspects of this very particular group of works by major artists involves the manner in which it recapitulates both an expansion of a personal taste and an education of the eye on the one hand and, on the other, the art historical order of the movements represented, from, let us say, André Masson, who stands for Surrealism, through Hofmann and de Kooning, to Stella, Kelly, Lichtenstein, Noland—as if to confirm one's belief that taste is necessarily inflected by historical awareness. It was, however, hardly the concept of group, movement, or style as such which have dictated choice, but rather the manner in which an individual canvas challenged the eye.

If one considers the history of significant art as a series of challenges addressed by the artist to himself and, inevitably, to the taste and sensibility of his time, then the collection is seen in its true historical dimension, and the evenness of its extraordinary quality is to be explained by the tenacity with which that challenge is sensed and maintained. The acquisitions correspond to a deep, personal need, are chosen in passion and by a taste which is educated as it chooses: The process is circular, self-perpetuating, self-critical, and open-ended. It animates, as well, the collection's physical arrangement, the manner in which hanging, lighting, and grouping heighten or suggest aesthetic, or even historical, relationships.

And this, in turn, is deeply bound up with the spatial architectonics of Mr. Rubin's over-all conception of a flowing, sky-lit space articulated by free-standing partitions which was realized architecturally by Richard Meier and his assistant, Carl Meinhardt, in dialogue with Mr. Rubin. An architect who is a friend of such painters as Frank Stella and Barnett Newman, Mr. Meier was especially sympathetic to the problems posed by the requirements of setting out the works of art, making the living areas relate to them, and still allowing his architecture an integrity and beauty in its own right.

The studio is conceived, then, as far as possible in terms of a constant flow between work and living activities. This is re-inforced by the manner in which, as Mr. Rubin envisioned, kitchen and dining-room space are open to each other, and these two, in turn, open on to a "living and working area," so that even such household tasks as the preparation of meals can be carried out within full sight of superb canvases.

From the kitchen one sees a Louis, a Rothko, and an Olitski. A sculpture by Stankiewicz, placed immediately next to the work table, echoes the metal of the cooking equipment, "a reminder of the fatality of the kitchen machinery." These strategies of echo and reflection, of antithesis and contrast accent the overall conception.

The present installation, then, involves a major portion—something like sixty per cent—of the works of art in Mr. Rubin's possession. Paintings and sculpture reflect his interest, though hardly its full range, and of course the public obligations of lending for major institutional occasions which devolve upon the major collector involve the temporary absence, from time to time, of certain works. The Pollock, Still, Kline, the Gottlieb, and a Louis at present hanging, will, for example, be away on loan later this year, and their wall space filled with paintings by other artists.

Among the canvases currently installed but not shown in the accompanying photographs are works by Huot, Kelly, Avedisian, Parker, Reinhardt, Dzubas, Hinman, Youngerman, Jenkins and a sculpture by Gabriel Kohn. Two large Caro sculptures are kept on the Sarah Lawrence campus.

The installation of the collection is mobile and points up a variety of affinities. The juxtaposition of two paintings by Kline and Newman, each proposing an individual, antithetical use of black and white, provide one indication, among many, of the convergence of taste and critical insight which informs the installation as a whole. The paintings of Rothko and of Louis (a painter chronologically of the Abstract Expressionist generation who matured, however, relatively late) constitute a kind of historical or stylistic frontier.

It is from this point on that Noland, Stella, Poons, Lichtenstein, and their contemporaries make their entrance into the collection. Their work extends, as it were, one of the most interesting problems in contemporary art, one which has been widely but, on the whole, rather loosely discussed: the nature and degree of the relationship between European and American art. The fact is that in a very general sense and until relatively recently, the artists of both continents did share—and this quite apart from differences of style, technique, media, or quality—a complex of premises involving an aesthetic of poetic expression.

It was in this sense that the work of Pollock could be said to represent—in its use of automatism, for example, though only in this respect—a transmutation of Surrealist poetic painting, as represented here by Masson, into abstract form. It is certain that the later painting in this collection has offered resistance to the sort of literary exercises performed upon the painting of the forties and fifties.

It is significant that the critical literature on Noland, Stella, and Poons, for example, is more exclusively analytical; its tone is more circumspect and precise, its language more chaste. This is due, in part, to a growing realization that our critical method and categories are badly in need of refining and re-focusing; it seems, as well, a reflection of the work itself.

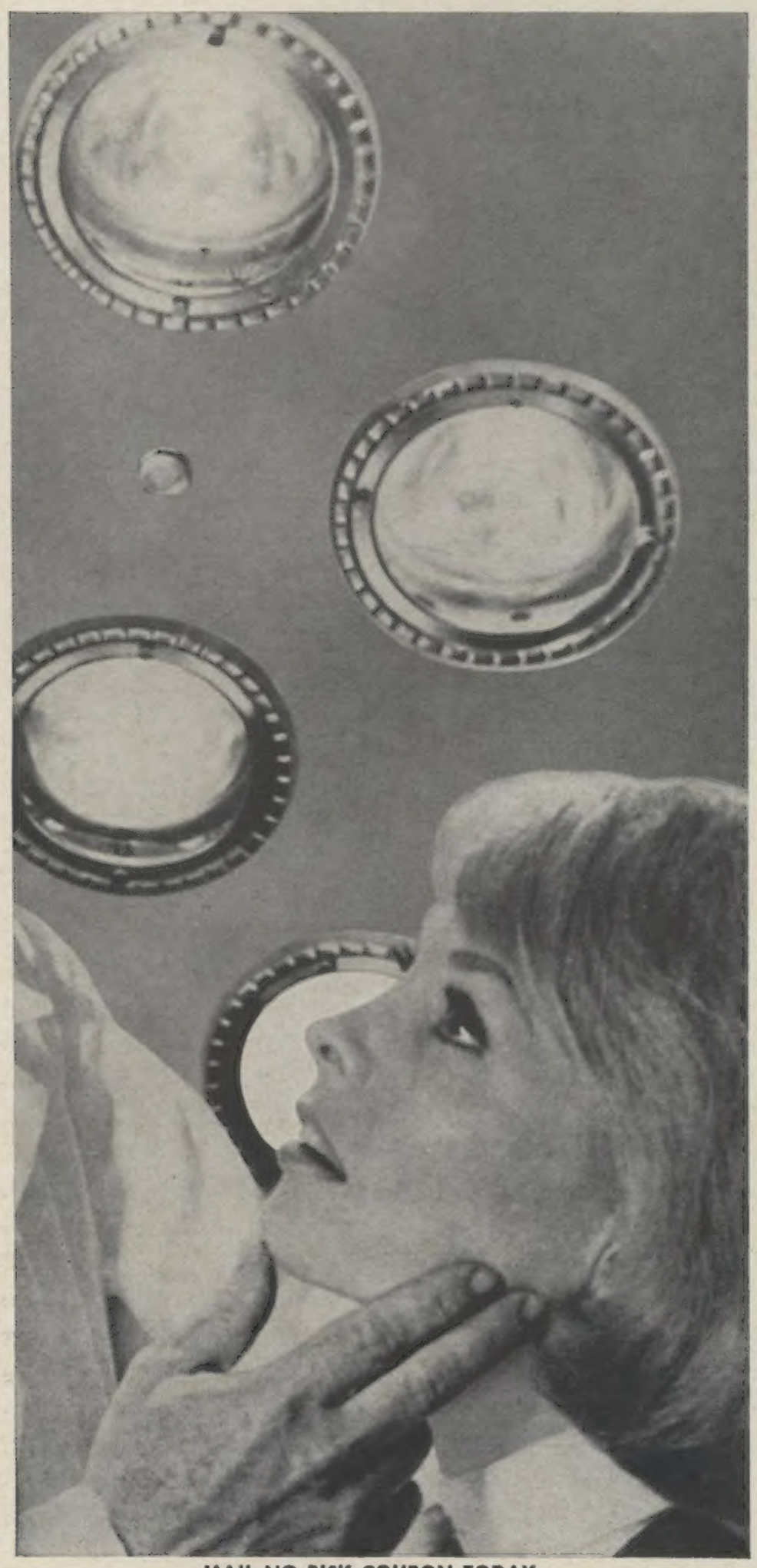
The Lichtenstein of this collection is the work of the artist who formulated most cogently within the canon of what has been called "Pop Art," a question about "high art" and its underlying assumptions as they relate to *Kitsch*. At its best and most interesting, this painting became, in a sense perhaps even deeper and more meaningful than was at first apparent, "an episode in the history of taste," as it has been termed. It came, of course, as an expression of a certain kind of taste or style, but it represented, too, a challenge to the taste and sensibility, to the manner, aesthetic, the tone and climate of the late fifties. This questioning constitutes its link with the radicalism of the visual syntax of Stella and Noland, among others.

Two major sculptures in the collection are "Australia" and "Timeless Clock" of 1957, the most intricate of David Smith's graphically conceived works. Sculptural acquisitions include, as well as an Agostini plaster, two important works by Herbert Ferber, Mr. Rubin's friend and neighbour in the building, and a sculpture by Seymour Lipton. "The Sculptor" (1966) by George Segal, is a portrait of John Chamberlain making a sculpture. Mr. Rubin had seen this work while not quite completed on a visit to Segal's studio. Although uncertain about it at that time, he found that it "fell into place" once Segal had revised Chamberlain's piece and had applied aluminum paint.

This gradual revision of judgment accompanies both the process of acquisition and that of conserving the prolonged contact with the work of art, undoubtedly deepening and clarifying perception. And there is the renewal of pleasure, both sensual and intellectual, which must accompany the return of the painting or sculpture on loan, the perception of art through eyes other than one's own: those of the seriously committed or interested student, critic, and connoisseur, the visitor from university or museum, American or foreign.

It is Mr. Rubin's intention to acknowledge, indeed to stress, the metaphor of openness which characterizes a life style as embodied in the collection and its environment, by rendering it accessible to that international community of artists and intellectuals—and, in fact, to the community of all the passionately-interested—whose attentiveness, sympathy, and critical support have fostered and sustained advanced art.

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This article may startle you. It may seem, at first glance, almost unbelievable. Because it tells you the story of one of America's leading plastic surgeons—WHO TREATS MANY OF HIS OWN PATIENTS' BEAUTY PROBLEMS WITHOUT SURGERY AT ALL.

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Yes, the one great difference between the beauty and youth and smoothness of these women's skin, and the thousands of women of the same age who are turning older and older every day right alongside them, is *simply this:*

An invisible layer of biologically formulated cream — only one-one-thousandth of an inch thick—that was completely unknown to you only five short minutes ago. And that is now available to you, to continuously treat your face and your skin, for one full month without your risking a penny.

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